

AMERICA

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Chronicle

Home News.—President Hoover left Washington on October 1 on a tour of a part of the country, during which he was to deliver four speeches: at Cleveland, two in Boston, and the last at King's Mountain, N. C. These speeches were described by the White House as "non-political," but it was observed that they coincided with close election struggles of friends of the Administration. The President's attitude to the New York political situation, in which the Republican party of that State repudiated Prohibition, was awaited with interest. It was remembered that he spoke with approval of Dwight Morrow, whose attitude against Prohibition was more pronounced than Mr. Tuttle's. Meanwhile, for the first time in years, the dry forces were everywhere on the defensive, and the President's continued tacit alliance with them was looked on as a danger to him.

Ralph S. Kelley, chief of field division of the General Land Office in Denver, delivered an open letter of resignation on September 28, in which he made the sensational charge that the oil-shale reserves were being given away by concession for political and other reasons to large concerns seeking leases. He refused to stay in office any longer for this reason. Secretary Wilbur, instead of accepting

the resignation, suspended Mr. Kelley, and called on him for proofs. The Secretary thereupon asked the Department of Justice to conduct an investigation and Mr. Kelley was called before an Assistant Attorney General. At the same time, Chairman Nye, of the Senate Public Lands Committee, also announced an investigation, and invited Mr. Kelley to appear before him. The oil-shale deposits are chiefly in western Colorado, and cover about 800,000 acres, and it is estimated that they contain 40,000,000,000 barrels of petroleum. They have up to this not been worked economically.

A very severe drop in values of shares manipulated by a strong group on the New York Stock Exchange came to an unexpected stop on October 1, when prices rose sharply, the largest advance since June. The previous day, prices in many cases had dropped even lower than in the panic days of last October and November. Corn and wheat followed sympathetically. This movement followed closely on the publication of a survey of general business conditions for the first eight months of 1930, made by the National Business Survey Conference, under the chairmanship of Julius Barnes. Some gains were found by this survey, though it frankly admitted the existence of a widespread depression. There was, however, no sign of an immediate general upturn.

Argentina.—The Provisional Government established by General José Uriburu was formally recognized by more than twenty-five nations, including most of the South American republics. Dispatches from Buenos Aires agreed that the people had confidence in the new Government and that a feeling of optimism had succeeded the depression which was widespread during the last months of the old regime. Public support diminished, however, after the statement of political intentions made by the Provisional Government on October 2. The newspapers criticized the statement on the ground that it was a confirmation of the rumors that the Uriburu Government intended to reform the Constitution and the election law, and to form a new political party before the election of a constitutional President. Satisfaction was expressed in Washington over the reappointment of Manuel E. Malabran as Ambassador to the United States. Dr. Malabran resigned over the alleged discourtesy shown by former President Irigoyen to President Hoover at the time of his South American tour. Towards the end of September, the deconcentration of the troops brought up to Buenos Aires during the revolution was effected. Señor Irigoyen, who

More Oil
Charges

was kept a prisoner on the training ship, the General Belgrano, was transferred to the cruiser, the Buenos Aires; the former Minister of the Interior, Elpidio Gonzalez, was also put in confinement on the Buenos Aires.

Austria.—Dr. Vaugoin, Vice-Chancellor under former Chancellor Johann Schober, failed to reconstruct the coalition Government under his own leadership, and on September 30 formed a minority Cabinet which will hold office until general elections are held on November 9. The most notable fact about the new Cabinet was the inclusion for the first time of the Heimwehr, Austria's private Fascist army, as a separate party in the Government. The Heimwehr representatives are Prince Starhemberg, Minister of the Interior, and Dr. Franz Huebner, Minister of Justice. Dr. Vaugoin, besides being Chancellor, will retain his old portfolio of Minister of War. Other portfolios will be assigned as follows: Msgr. Seipel, Foreign Minister; Richard Schmitz, Vice-Chancellor and Minister of Social Welfare; Dr. Otto Juch, Finance; Andreas Thaler, Agriculture; Edward Hein, Trade; and Dr. Emmerich Czermak, Education. Most of these Ministers were members of Msgr. Seipel's previous Governments.

Belgium.—Fernando de Rosa, who attempted the assassination of Crown Prince Humbert of Italy last October, on the occasion of the latter's visit to Brussels, was convicted and sentenced to five years' imprisonment on September 27. The defense pleaded that the crime was a political act, directed against Fascism, and introduced a number of anti-Fascists as witnesses. The jury found the accused guilty after a brief deliberation, and the judges passed sentence after hearing a final plea for mercy. Precautions were taken to avoid any demonstration at the close of the trial.

Czechoslovakia.—The survey of business conditions during the first eight months of 1930, as reported by the National Survey Conference, of Washington, D. C. (Julius H. Barnes, Chairman), stated concerning Czechoslovakia: "Continued depression resulted in uneven industrial activity. Seasonal increase in coal production. Iron and steel up. Reduced activity reported in machinery, leather, shoes, porcelain, and textiles. Crops satisfactory." A decrease in unemployment was reported during June of this year, and a more favorable percentage than that of several other European countries, as Belgium, Italy, Germany, and Great Britain.

Ecuador.—Contrary to the upsets in South American Governments during the past few months was the action of Ecuador in refusing to accept the resignation from the Presidency of Isidro Ayora. Because of the growing political opposition that threatened to force the resignation of the Cabinet, and because of an alleged lack of cooperation in many quarters, in his efforts to reduce governmental ex-

penditures and to put the country on a sound financial basis, President Ayora offered his resignation to Congress. Almost unanimously, Congress refused to accept the resignation. Army leaders and civilian groups sent delegations asking him to withdraw his resignation. President Ayora's term ends in 1933; he became Provisional President, by appointment of the military junta, in 1925, and in 1928 was elected Constitutional President. Following the withdrawal of his resignation, the Cabinet resigned in a body, in order to allow him full freedom in his program. He immediately issued a decree nullifying the action of his Ministers.

France.—Reports that former Premier Poincaré would again take part actively in politics grew more insistent as the date for the opening of Parliament (November 4) approached. At the same time the result of the German elections and the later statement of Herr Hitler gave occasion to the critics of Foreign Minister Briand to insist more firmly on the security part of the Government's foreign policy, and to cast doubt on the efficacy of his conciliatory measures. A Left newspaper, *La Volonté*, took a text from a forthcoming book by M. Poincaré, to prove that the ex-President had changed his views on War guilt, and added the further conclusion that the Versailles Treaty would have to be further revised to avoid a new and more dreadful war. In a special dispatch to the *New York Times*, M. Poincaré stated that the text in question, which dealt with the respective mobilization dates of Russia and Austria, was authentic, but denied that the fact of Russia's earlier mobilization had changed his view on the responsibility of the Central Powers.

The third annual study-week and the concurrent national congress of the J. O. C. (*Jeunesse Ouvrière Chrétienne*), held at Paris, September 19-21, revealed the growth of this organization of Catholic boys and young men in industry, organized four years ago in France, after the model of the Belgian J.O.C., which was started on the eve of the War. More than 1,000 delegates attended the study week, and 5,000 were present at the mass meeting on the closing day of the congress. Working conditions, recreation, social and apologetic study and personal religious life formed the theme of the addresses. The general secretary reported a growth from 5,300 active members two years ago to 13,000 at present, while the organ of the association, the *Jeunesse Ouvrière*, gained nearly 50,000 new subscribers in the same period.

Germany.—Herr Hitler, the Fascist leader, did not long preserve the quiet demeanor reported in the issue of last week. Testifying, on September 25, before the German Supreme Court which is trying three Reichswehr officers for high treason in connection with alleged Fascist plotting in the German Army, he announced that the Fascists would erect the guillotine for those who had made the 1918 revolution in Germany. He said, also, that the Fascists refused to recognize as of lasting duration treaties

made over the heads of the German people and that his party would fight the "war-guilt lie." The party's aims were to be attained by diplomatic means if possible; if not, legal means would be sought to circumvent the treaties. All else failing, illegal means would be used. He denied vigorously that his party planned a physical revolution. They sought merely a gigantic moral uprising along peaceful lines. Elements in the party who had toyed with the thought of revolution were summarily dismissed, or voluntarily resigned when they were informed of Herr Hitler's attitude. As a result of Herr Hitler's pronouncements it was foreseen that the Fascists would be excluded from all Government offices. There was talk, too, of bringing treason charges against the leader.—In the face of the threatened parliamentary deadlock, it was thought that the Reichstag would be dissolved and a national directorate comprised of five public leaders presided over by President von Hindenburg would temporarily rule the country. The President was said to favor such a move. On the other hand, the Fascists threatened the President with impeachment proceedings if he attempts to dissolve Parliament for any length of time.

The Government was busy with financial plans to lay before the new Reichstag which is to meet on October 13. In an effort to relieve the Government of the tremendous sums being paid out in doles to jobless men and women, it was planned to introduce conscription of labor for public works. Civil service employees were to be asked to accept a ten-per-cent cut in wages with a saving of \$100,000,000 in revenue to the Government. It was hoped, too, that trade unions would accept a like cut as a means to keep down retail prices. The Bruening Government proposed to present a frank statement of the country's financial crisis in order that political barter might give way to much needed solidarity until the crisis is over. Already, there was a deficit in the budget income of \$200,000,000 although the fiscal year has still six months to run. With a continued slump in revenues, the deficit was still increasing. Plans were made to float a \$125,000,000 loan as a first and necessary step to keep the country solvent.

Great Britain.—With the promise of lasting about six weeks, the British Imperial Conference opened its sessions in London on October 1. Representatives were present, in addition to those of the British Government, from the Dominions of Canada, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa, from the self-governing Colony of Newfoundland, from the Irish Free State and the independent States of India. In his introductory address, Ramsay MacDonald, the Chairman of the Conference, stated that the work of the Conference would fall, in general, under three heads: imperial relations as they affect the equality and sovereignty of the units in the British Commonwealth; foreign policy and defense, and world peace; and finally, economic and trade relations within the Empire. The leaders of each delegation spoke in turn. R. H. Bennett, Prime Minister of Canada, stressed the necessity of more profitable economic relations between the Empire groups.

General J. B. M. Hertzog, Premier of South Africa, was more pointed in his remarks on the same subject, declaring against the free-trade tendencies of the British Government and in favor of preferential tariffs. J. H. Scullin, Premier of Australia, likewise, spoke on the topic of closer trade relations, adducing statistics to confirm his views. The Irish Free State delegate, Patrick McGilligan, Minister for Foreign Affairs, stated that "the recognition of our position as a free and sovereign State comes before all other considerations." He declared that his Government believed that the full settlement of this question should put the proper perspective in the proceedings of the Conference. Following him, the Prime Minister of New Zealand, G. W. Forbes, asserted that his Dominion was perfectly satisfied with its present status.

Ireland.—For the first time, the Irish Free State secured a seat on the Council of the League of Nations at the recent election of three non-permanent members.

Guatemala and Norway were chosen by votes, respectively, of 41 and 38; the Free State received 36 votes, thus beating Portugal, which obtained 33 votes. The Free State took the place vacated by Canada. Prior to the election, both Patrick McGilligan, Minister for External Affairs, and Ernest Blythe, Minister for Finance, declared that the Irish Free State contested the seat not as a member of any group, least of all as a member of the British Commonwealth. Since 1926, the Irish contention has been that every member represents the whole Assembly and not a particular group of Powers. This attitude, in addition to that of protesting against the habit of "arranging" the Council elections in advance, was held as a likely reason that would prevent the Free State from securing the seat.

Russia.—The second year of the so-called Five Year plan for the industrialization of the Soviet republics terminated on October 1. A recent decision of the Council of Commissars replaced January 1 for October 1 as the beginning of the fiscal year; thus the second year of the Five Year plan was extended by three months. This interregnum, it was explained, was in order to permit industrial production to catch up, since, particularly in the important spheres of coal and iron, it had dropped appreciably in July, August, and September. The drop in production was ascribed officially to the large cereal production, estimated at fifteen to twenty per cent above last year's, which was said to have drawn back large numbers of the industrial workers to the villages. "Shock" tempo of work was planned to raise the output in these three months to an equivalent of that of four to four and one half months. In November, 1929, the slogan was adopted: "The Five Year Plan in Four Years"; at the end of which period the Soviet States would be economically independent of the non-Soviet, capitalistic world. According to a report made to officials of the United Fruit Company, in New Orleans, by one of its employees, Peter Grant Sutherland, recently returned from Russia, American workmen were virtually

Financial
Plans

Imperial
Conference

Seat on League
Council

Extension of
Fiscal Year

"enslaved" there by deprivation of passports, and labor conditions of utmost discomfort and destitution prevailed.

Concern over Soviet underbidding in the various world markets continued. From Hamburg, underselling was reported of fruits, meats, hides, timber, wood pulp, petroleum, sausage casings, manganese, dairy products, and lubricating oil. Charges of dumping, in order to upset the world market, were dismissed as "absurd and childish" in Moscow. The Moscow *Economic Life* denied reports that 3,000,000 tons of grain were ready for export. Official reasons for the "dumping," with which many American statements agreed, were that the Soviets, being deprived of foreign credits, were obliged to sell the surplus on hand the best way that they could, in order to purchase the machinery necessary for the fulfilment of the industrialization program. The extreme sharpness of the price cuts, however, amounting to from ten to thirty per cent below current prices, coupled with an exhaustion of supplies in some of the products sold—as for instance, sausage casings—led Hamburg observers somewhat to question this explanation, and to look for a possible non-economic motive.—The Turkish Foreign Minister, Tewfik Rushdi Bey, was entertained in Moscow on September 24 with a banquet of unusual splendor.

Spain.—A mass meeting of republican sympathizers was held at Madrid on September 28, attended by 20,000 persons, who listened to a series of addresses by leaders of several of the republican groups, who plan to join forces for the forthcoming national elections. The speeches were fiery, but the crowd remained orderly. Following the public meeting, the leaders conferred and voted to refuse co-operation with the Socialists and the radical labor group in the campaign.—Copies of the speeches given at Sunday's public meeting were later examined by the State prosecutor, who expressed the opinion that they laid the speakers open to charges of *lèse majesté*. The Berenguer Government has permitted fuller freedom of speech and press than did its predecessor, but has declared its intention to punish any abuse thereof.—Several of the general strikes which had been called in the industrial and shipping centers were settled amicably. Elsewhere, the agitators responsible for the labor troubles were arrested, and steps taken towards arbitration.

Turkey.—With considerable reluctance, Ismet Pasha assumed the Premiership which he had resigned at the opening of the reformed Parliament. His party held a large majority over the newly formed Liberal party led by Fethi Bey. The President, Kemal Pasha, had called this opposition party into being in order that Turkey might advance a further step in democratic government. He made it clear, however, that he would not identify himself with either the established party of Ismet Pasha or the new Liberal opposition. Thus far, the new party had not put forward any program of policies different from those advocated by Ismet Pasha; as the Manchester *Guardian*

stated, there was the possibility that the two parties will consist merely of two groups of personalities without essential differences of policy. The President let it be known that greater freedom is to be granted in regard to the formation of other political groups, provided they are republican in principle. Extreme reactionary and revolutionary parties, such as the Communists, would be prohibited.

League of Nations.—The report of the Assembly's second commission, presented to the Assembly on September 27, summarized the lively discussions that had taken place on economic subjects, and led in turn to new discussions, particularly on the proposals for regional tariff agreements, concerning the export of grain, that were sponsored by the Eastern European States. Again the objections, in the name of Canada and the various members of the British Commonwealth, voiced by Dr. Walter A. Riddell, Canadian permanent delegate, Virgil Madgearu, of Rumania, denied that the proposed Eastern European agreement was aimed at free-trade countries, and asserted that his constituents were seeking only the prohibition of dumping contracts, and were asking the overseas countries to sacrifice not more than fifteen per cent of the exports. Otherwise, he maintained, the Eastern European countries would be facing revolution this winter. Resolutions were finally adopted without the reservations which the overseas countries first wished to insert. But the discussion closed with a general feeling that the question of how far tariff action might be concerted, or how far a matter for individual States to decide, had been raised and by no means settled.

Although the date of the next meeting of the Preparatory Disarmament Commission had been set for November 3, 1930, the Assembly contented itself with voting merely that the general disarmament conference should be held "as early as possible." This was thought to indicate that it would not be held earlier than 1932. The Franco-Italian deadlock was held largely to blame.

The readers of AMERICA will welcome to its columns, after a long absence, the name of Joseph Husslein, now Dean of the St. Louis University School of Sociology. He will contribute, in next week's issue, a thoughtful article on "Christian Social Education."

The freshman next week will be subjected to another address in the form of "A Letter to a Freshman," by Thomas F. Divine. The young beginner in college will find some useful material to ponder over.

"Irish and Dutch in Old New York," is the intriguing title of an interesting bit of research into old history by Harry Van Demark.

Leo Riordan, sports writer on the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, will contribute another article entitled "Paper Profits from Football," which will create considerable discussion.

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Republicans on a Tightrope

THE value of the so-called Prohibition plank recently adopted by the Republicans of New York is dubious. If a plank may be called bait, this plank looks suspiciously like political bait for gulls.

Of course, the Republicans have broken definitely with the Anti-Saloon League, the W. C. T. U., and the Methodist Board of Morals, and hereafter should walk more erect. They have also repudiated completely what President Hoover once called a noble experiment, and what former Senator Reed styles a "ghastly and damnable failure," and that repudiation is a tremendous step forward. But platforms are built by politicians, and your politician is always a Mr. Facing-Both-Ways, a devious person who can blow both hot and cold, a charlatan who has no difficulty in making words serve for facts. This so-called Prohibition plank was undoubtedly written by a politician.

It begins with the old cant that whatever is on the statute books "should be obeyed," a principle that would have been received with singular coldness by our forefathers in 1776. The platform then moves on to assert that the stability and security of society demand obedience to the Constitution by the citizen, and enforcement of the law by the Government.

Evidently these statements are based on the assumption that the Eighteenth Amendment is of a piece with the rest of the Constitution, and that Mr. Volstead's statute is in truth a rule of reason, promulgated by competent authority, for the common good. Having raised this assumption, the author of the platform then demands that the Amendment be repealed and the statute abrogated—on the assumption, doubtless, that the Amendment is not of a piece with the rest of the Constitution, and that Mr. Volstead's statute is not a rule of reason, promulgated by competent authority, for the common good.

This is confusing enough, but worse is to come.

The platform builder states that "The evil in national

Prohibition lies largely in the compulsion sought to be placed upon States which do not desire the Prohibition system." That statement is as true to fact as the needle to the pole. But he then proceeds to demand a substitute which establishes exactly what he pretends to abolish, namely, Federal compulsion upon the States, by providing for a new Amendment "outlawing and forbidding everywhere in the United States the saloon system and its equivalent," as well as "the private traffic in intoxicating beverages for private profit."

The essential evil of Prohibition lies in its destruction of the right of the several States to regulate the traffic as they deem fit, without reference either to the Federal Government, or to any State or States. Prohibition, as now established, confers upon the Federal Government a power which, in view of the fundamental principles and purposes of the Constitution, the central Government should not possess; a power, moreover, which ten years of experiment have proved to demonstration that the Federal Government cannot possibly exercise for the common good.

The same evil which now afflicts us underlies the Amendment proposed by the Republicans of New York. Should any State desire to license a private traffic as best for the common good, compulsion would be invoked by the proposed amendment to veto such action. The Republicans would simply establish a compulsion which they denounce as "evil" in another form. The only solution, or, rather, the first step to a rational solution of the fearful and debasing condition into which Prohibition has brought us, lies in a ban upon all Federal compulsion of whatsoever kind.

The Republicans are trying to perform a series of gymnastics on a tightrope. We sincerely trust that they will all fall off, and be swept to destruction in the gorge below Niagara. We love no man as he is a Democrat or a Republican, but only as he is an honest and straightforward man. For once the New York Democrats learned wisdom from their enemies when, in their platform, they inserted the all-sufficing declaration, "The Democratic party in the State of New York demands the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act."

Taking Up the Slack

THE heads of great industries are now in conference with their publicity experts. Reports of a cheering nature have been released to the newspapers, and while some editors read them with an eyebrow lifted in skepticism, others are giving them to the public in the hope that they may bring some cheer into what appears to be a sad desert of unemployment.

One of these reports is released in the name of the chairman of the finance committee of the United States Steel Corporation, Myron C. Taylor. Mr. Taylor states that it is not the intention of the Corporation to lay off workers, but to perfect a policy to distribute the work as equitably as may be possible among all its workers. With the cooperation of the companies to which the Corporation sells its products, and of those from whom it purchases

needed supplies, it is hoped that a plan insuring continuous employment can be adopted.

Whatever truth there may be in this report, we hope that the Corporation, as well as all employers of labor, will seriously consider the continuous-employment plan. While seasonal unemployment is a disaster and a tragedy to the worker, we cannot believe that, in the long run, it is an advantage to the employer.

Much unemployment is due to poor management. Modern industry should find a way of taking up the slack in industry, so that peak loads may be avoided, and regular employment be spread out over the whole year.

National Eucharistic Congresses

REPLETE with blessings to all who participated, the National Eucharistic Congress at Omaha is now numbered with the happy and the holy memories of the past. The Congress recalled the glories of the great International Eucharistic Congress held in Chicago four years ago, and added new force and the vigor to the spirit of devotion to our Eucharistic Saviour. Yet it has its own special glory which, if the proposal made by Bishop Schrembs, of Cleveland, is accepted, will always be remembered.

Bishop Schrembs has presented a plan to insure a definite series of regional and National Eucharistic Congresses. The country is to be divided into four districts; a regional Congress will be held yearly, and the fifth year will be reserved for a National gathering. Like many other great things, the plan is so simple that one wonders why it was never thought of before. Every part of the country will become accustomed to the idea of these gatherings, and the practical knowledge thus gathered, not to speak for the moment of the spiritual growth which a Eucharistic Congress inevitably fosters, will do more than make the National Congress possible. It will make it necessary. For Eucharistic Congresses never grow old and never fail to appeal; no one who has ever taken part in one but desires and plans to take part in another. He feels that the Congress has given what he could have received by no other means.

And it has. He returns to his home with an understanding of the love of God which he never had before. The great gatherings of people from all parts of the country, and perhaps of the world, strangers one to another, but bound by the common tie of Faith, and a common brotherhood with Jesus Christ, have given him a new appreciation of the universality and holiness of the Church. Medes and Greeks and Persians, men from the North and from the South, from the seats of the world's oldest and finest civilization, and from the barbarous isles of the far seas, bow down in adoration for the blessing of Him who is both their leader and the Eternal Lover of their souls. They do not know one another's names, but only that they are brethren and children of God.

Here is the true evolution of religion—the growth of faith and hope and love in the soul. They go back to the toil and struggle that is life, as men and women who have walked with God. Their faith in Him has grown

deeper, their reliance upon His Providence more complete. Their hope that the promises of eternal life will be fulfilled is without bounds. Their love of God and of all God's children purges away the dross of self-seeking. They are better men and women, better fathers and mothers, better citizens, better in every relation of life, because their eyes have looked upon the Saviour, and He has spoken to their hearts.

Hence it is our earnest hope that the plan of the Bishop of Cleveland will find favor with our Fathers in God, the Hierarchy of the Church in this country. For we have grown cold and how shall we be warmed if we do not draw near to Him who is the burning furnace of love? We have prospered, and have become great, and how shall we remember the things of God, unless with Mary we sit at His feet to listen? Too prone are we to forget that unless the Lord watch the city, we labor in vain who guard it.

The first call to every Catholic worker in this busy country of ours is a call to spiritual sanctification. God's saints are the true educators, the effective social teachers, and the hands that are lifted up in prayer and sacrifice are the hands that bring healing when laid upon the wounds of suffering humanity. He who is the source of all sanctity abides in our sanctuaries. He whose sacrifice upon Calvary brought salvation to a stricken world is daily lifted up upon our altars, that the sufferings of Christ may be made perfect. He who is the support of the weak, the bread of the strong, the promoter of every perfect thing, will be the daily food of all who approach His tabernacle. Whatever, then, increases our love, personal and communal, of our Eucharistic Saviour will make for a people, peaceful, orderly, devoted to religion, education, charity, and to all the things that are of God.

With retreat houses in every diocese, following the Letter of Pius XI on Spiritual Exercises, and with regional and National Eucharistic Congresses, faith will be revived, hope made firmer, and love enkindled into a mighty flame in our beloved country, and among our people.

Figures by the N. E. A.

FIGURES published by the National Educational Association are figures to be received with reserve. That is a fact long known to educators, but it has not penetrated into the consciousness of some editors.

Last week the editor of the *New York Telegram* read the Association's statement about our school expenditures, and thereupon sat down to write in tearful mood a little essay entitled "Starving Our Schools." We are spending, he premises, about two and one-half billion dollars on our schools, "and that looks large until it is put beside our national income, of which it is only 2.74 per cent. Then it looks very inadequate. It is less than the last Congress appropriated for results of war and preparation for future war."

But why put this expenditure "beside our national income"? What possible basis of rational comparison is there between national expenditures for national purposes

and institutions, and local expenditures for local purposes and local institutions?

Were the Federal Government obliged to provide for the local schools, the comparison would be appropriate. Since the Federal Government lies under no such obligation, the comparison is absurd. One might as well say that Mr. Jones, whose family are noted for the excellence of their footwear, spent less on shoes last year than the Steel Trust spent on wheelbarrows. That is probably true, but Mr. Jones spent quite enough, even though his expenditures were only 2.74 of the expenditures of the Trust for wheelbarrows.

Had the National Educational Association desired to give an approximately correct estimate of expenditures for school purposes, its report would have read, "The largest single item in any city budget is for the schools. It amounts to about thirty per cent of the total expenditures." But the Association was not interested in giving an honest report. Its purpose was twofold; first, to convey the impression, caught and reproduced by the editor of the *Telegram*, that our schools were starving, and second, to release a little propaganda for the Federal-control-of-the-schools idea.

This purpose the Association accomplished by the ancient and universally discredited device of juggling with the figures. As a representative of a learned profession, this Association leaves very much to be desired.

The Praying Freshman

ON another page of this Review, the Rev. Maurice Sheehy, Ph.D., offers a bit of advice to the freshman. As a teacher, old in experience if not in years, and as president of St. Thomas Hall at the Catholic University, Dr. Sheehy has learned to know the freshman, with his undeniable faults, and his great capabilities for good. With every Catholic teacher, he thanks God that material so excellent has been brought to his hand.

Now it is to be remarked that while Dr. Sheehy does not expect the freshman to exhibit all the characteristics of a man of prayer, he takes for granted that every freshman who desires to profit by what his college offers, will strive without ceasing to advance in the art of prayer. Dr. Harry Elmer Barnes, along with those estimable ecclesiastics who recently betrayed their ignorance of the fundamentals of Christianity—not to speak of the fundamentals of physical science—when discussing the advisability of asking the Lord to send a little more rain, will almost certainly rub their eyes in shocked incredulity, should Dr. Sheehy's article fall under their scrutiny. That a doctor of philosophy should deem prayer one of life's practical necessities is odd enough; but that any college professor should expect his freshmen to get down on their knees and talk to God, is, from their point of view, a phenomenon which reveals a mental condition on a level with that of Mad Tom.

To be quite frank, the difference does lie wholly in the point of view. Dr. Barnes, one may be certain, never asked his pupils at Smith whether or not they prayed, because neither Dr. Barnes nor that college is concerned

with man's duties to God. To Dr. Sheehy, and to the Catholic college, man's duties to God constitute life's most serious concern. It does not seem unfair to sum up the difference between the Catholic college and the secular institution by saying that while the first believes Him to be the most important fact in all life, the second is not particularly interested in Him.

Many a Catholic teacher realizes that nothing which he can say or do will deter certain Catholic parents from entrusting their children to secularized schools. Academic values are not weighed by these parents, and they would probably be puzzled by the statement of Pius XI that the training which fails to give full consideration to the truths of religion cannot be deemed, in any true sense, education. But the protagonist of Catholic education can strengthen the faltering, and aid in bringing up a generation so imbued with a Catholic philosophy of life that it will not waver in so vital a department of life as the education of the child and the youth.

Knowing this, he is content to be as the voice of one crying in the wilderness, but as the years go on, not content merely, but confidence fills his soul. Man can have no nobler task than to give testimony to the truth, and none brings a richer recompense. Centuries ago the voice of John in the desert was stilled, but his message shall teach sinful man the way to salvation until the centuries are added to the last of the centuries, and eternity has begun.

The Labor Injunction in Virginia

THE injunction in labor disputes has at last invaded the Old Dominion. It is with regret that we see it used, particularly at this time of unemployment and social unrest.

Of all methods of settling industrial differences, the injunction is the worst, with the single exception of bloodshed. It generally means that, under the plea of immediate peril to property rights, a single man rules against human rights that are of infinitely more importance than the right of any man or men to own one mill or a thousand. That he makes his decision, as often as not, after a hearing exhaustive enough to consume all of thirty minutes, but not so exhaustive as to include a hearing of both sides, may be only incidental. But it is a consideration worth thinking about in these days when human rights are tossed about as carelessly as empty cigar boxes.

Is the injunction a means of securing the rights of all? Or is it a device misused to stir up strife and thus prevent final adjustment on a basis of justice and charity? The industrial history of this country gives us the answer.

The terms of the Virginia order, as reported by the press, do not seem on their face to be particularly oppressive. But the order is aimed directly against the right of workers to organize; that is the sole reason why it was sought. Nor will there be any difficulty in using it to ban "peaceable persuasion" on part of the union organizers. If this injunction does not mean the beginning of bloody industrial war in the South, we shall be most happily disappointed.

H. G. Wells on Modern Morals

G. K. CHESTERTON
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HAVING pondered much, in the watches of the night, and during considerable parts of the day, over the ten-millionth repetition of the phrase "true religion without creed or dogma," toying with all sorts of conjectures about what the people who use it can be supposed to suppose that they mean, I have at last come to the conclusion that it does mean something after all.

"Without creed or dogma" does really and truly mean, "without clear or definite conceptions of any sort, on any subject, secular or religious, natural or supernatural." And they really do like it like that. They do *not* mean merely that they are agnostic about theological things, like the Trinity or the Atonement. They do mean that they like to be doubtful about definite and demonstrable things, like whether men should own their own houses or look after their own children. This is an intentional inconclusiveness; a decision in favor of indecision.

It is perhaps the one great weakness of a great man, who has done much work that we all admire, but whose conclusions always have this exasperating tendency to evaporate at the very moment when we expect them to solidify.

H. G. Wells, one of the most popular of philosophers, wrote for *John Bull*, one of the most popular of papers, a special article bearing the formidable title of "Modern Morals." Well, when a man writes three columns in excellent English about modern morals, one would naturally expect that, at some point in his process of thought, he would pause to tell us what they are. Mr. Wells even pauses, in a somewhat mysterious manner, to tell us that they exist; but wild horses will not tear from him the secret of what they are.

He first tells us that there is a new generation that finds "no value in faith and no virtue in chastity"; though really the whole rising generation is not so stupid as all that. He has some nonsense about chastity consisting of asking the permission of a minister of religion (a Mormon, for instance): about which it is only necessary to refer him to the whole poetical tradition of humanity, from the heathen dreams of Artemis and Athene to the modern reaction towards the innocence of Peter Pan.

But the point is that he then says abruptly, concerning these cheerful people who see no virtue in the virtues which even the pagans understood, "This is not a loss of morality, but a shifting of the moral standards. To be a social animal is to be a moral animal, and these 'emancipated' human beings are still under an inherent and ineradicable necessity to keep standards and respect obligations."

At this point any normal reader, dealing with any normal writer, will naturally expect to be told what are the standards and what are the obligations. As he is dealing with Mr. Wells, he naturally does not get it.

Mr. Wells has wantonly and gratuitously raised the particular question of sex, has covered the sexual codes of the past with an extraordinary and exaggerated rhetoric of abuse; he has led the reader to the point of saying that the new generation will not have the old code; and then that the new generation has a new code. And there the whole thing stops. There is not the most shadowy indication of what the new code in that particular matter will be. In all that is stated, there is nothing whatever to indicate whether a man is to practise monogamy or polygamy or promiscuity or perversion; whether he is excused from his vows by a divorce; whether he need wait for a divorce; whether the State is to give any status to his family life at all; whether he is to have any family life at all; whether the children are to be brought up by the State as in Plato, or cast out to perish in the wilderness as in China.

I do not imagine that Mr. Wells favors the last liberation from domestic drudgery; but he gives us no hint of what he does favor. So far as I can make out, from the mere words used, the young man of the rising generation can do anything that comes into his head in a sexual way, so long as he is careful to despise his father and grandfather and to concentrate most of his conversation on the vileness of the wars which he has not waged.

As a way of combining to the fullest extent the pleasure of Pharisaism and the pleasures of dirt, it would be hard to beat. But though there is any amount of violent language about the vast number of things which this charming young man will curse and revile and rave at all day long, there is not the slightest attempt to define any rule that he will respect. We are simply told that he has standards; but we know nothing about them, except that they apparently violate all other human and historic standards.

The truth is that Mr. Wells has brought his argument to a point where definition is obviously demanded; and it is always at exactly that point that he becomes utterly indefinite. All he can do is to work himself up into a negative frenzy in this fashion: "They are questioning and ransacking the tawdry old patriotisms, the fever rags of false loyalties, and the pretentious economic concealments which threaten their lives, even more vigorously than our generation questioned the validity of the ancient taboos and superstitions that cramped and crippled our dreams and desires."

An obsolete and outmoded Victorian, even one younger than Mr. Wells, may be excused for murmuring faintly to himself the old-world jingle from the Savoy Opera, which ran:

Though I'm anything but clever,
I could talk like that for ever.

But it does not seem to get us much nearer to saying what modern morals really are.

Then, with still more startling abruptness, Mr. Wells (having just come to the bottom of his column) adds the following extremely short paragraph: "And then they will ask what they ought to do about it all. Their answer will be the backbone of the new morality."

I certainly think it is about time they asked what they will do about it. And I am glad to hear that the new morality is to have a backbone. It seems to need one.

To set forth this sort of Wellsian world encyclical, three things have generally been necessary. First to say, or admit, that things are very bad now; second, to prophesy into the air that things will be very good soon; and third, to represent, by means of the most lurid and unbalanced language, that they were frightfully and hideously bad once, in some period which the rising generation cannot remember, and about which the few survivors flatly contradict each other. A very good example of such a period is the Victorian Age.

To begin with, it lasted for more than half a century, from people like Wordsworth at the beginning to people like Wells himself at the end. To go on with, it seems almost an excess of that frenzied devotion to the royal family for which Mr. Wells is so famous, to measure so large and changing a part of history merely by the name of a particular constitutional princess. And thirdly, nearly everything that is said on the subject is nonsense.

I was brought up in a Victorian family of the middle classes, and I know quite well that Mr. Wells' picture of dirty, sniveling, snobbish hypocrisy and repression is all rubbish. There may have been dingy corners like that in any society; but the men whose feelings and aspirations followed the ideals of Ruskin and Tennyson, or the humanitarian reforms of Dickens, did not even remotely resemble the stunted and deformed monsters in poor Mr. Wells' nightmare. They had their illusions, their limitations, their fictions, their faults. But they were civilized people living at a great creative crisis in the history of civilization; as the sight of any Victorian bookshelf, or the reading of any Victorian biography, is enough to prove to anybody not poisoned with a monomania of reaction against his fathers.

But in so far as the Victorian Age really did fail and fall short, in so far as it really was responsible in some degree for any subsequent degeneracy or anarchy, the true case against it is one that would not be pleasing to Mr. Wells, but may be of some interest to the readers of this paper.

What was really the matter with the Victorian Age was not the fact that it preserved the religion of the family or the home; but the fact that it did not. It was above all things a civilization of Puritans gradually turning into Positivists or Agnostics. And the Puritans had destroyed, and the Positivists had never recovered, something human and historic which even the Pagans had revered.

In ancient Greece and Rome, as in modern China and India, a richly colored ritual of religion ran through the whole of domestic life, giving a cosmic significance to the work of a cook or a gardener, so that it meant something even to a philosopher or a poet. The Catholic

Church continued and improved this sense of particular Divine blessings on the work of the home, as she continued all those parts of human habit that could be turned to Divine blessing.

All that was meant by the old rhyme of the Four Evangelists at the bed-posts, all the idea of patron saints and guardian angels, all the effect of the priest blessing the house or the image standing in the niche, all those things stood for an intense idea of inward life, making the inmost parts of man's life interesting and even dramatic. That colossal but almost casual blunder that we call the Reformation broke this tradition across; broke the bridge connecting Christianity with humanity, and even with heathenry.

The domesticity of the Victorians, in so far as they were domestic, was not sufficiently bright or gay or colored, because its Puritan ancestry had stripped the house of all emblems that could be poetic or pictorial. So far from being the age of the religious family, it was just the reverse. It was the first age that had ever tried to practise respectability without religion. To that extent it is responsible for later groups going Pagan; but it is responsible because it was itself Protestant. And they are not all going pagan. Some of them are going in for quite curious things.

A Guide to Flattery

HILAIRE BELLOC

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FLATTERY is one of the most useful forms of lying, and I have often thought that a little guide to flattery would be even more useful to the rising generation than a guide to the sister arts of salesmanship, publicity, demagoguery, and the rest.

It certainly wants doing: for of all the arts flattery seems to be least studied. It has been left to people with a genius for it, but no one seems to have taught it with any care, or made a grammar of it, warned beginners of the worst mistakes, or done any of those things which are done in textbooks.

If I were to undertake the writing of such a book, I should begin by pointing out the limits to the general rule that human beings swallow flattery wholesale. It is a true rule, but it has limits after all, and those limits ought to be known.

There are three ways in which it is no good to try and flatter a man. The first is trying to flatter him about achievement in which he has no interest. The second is to give him flattery of a kind to which he is already too well used and of which he is weary. The third, which is the one on which people most often go wrong, is flattering him for doing well something which he cannot do at all.

As to the first of these errors, it is one not often made because the flatterer is supposed to know something at least of the tastes and habits of the person he wants to cozen. People do fall into it, however, when they are dealing with strangers, especially with foreigners. They often take it for granted that the foreigner wants to hear his country praised, when as a fact he is quite indifferent to

it, or that he wants his knowledge of our own language praised, when he is equally indifferent to that. The rule here is very simple: never flatter a man on a thing to which he has not given you a cue: wait till he shows his interests.

The second error, that of giving a man the flattery which wearies him because he has heard it too often, is much the commonest. People are always falling into it, with writers, painters, actors, and people of that sort. To avoid the error the general rule is never to flatter a man about those things which the whole world knows of him.

The third error is to praise him for his abilities in something which he simply cannot do at all. This shocks the sense of reality common to all human beings. If you congratulate the average man on his knowledge of science you are wasting your time. If you tell a man who is not in Parliament how much you admire his speeches in Parliament, he will not be pleased.

But there is here a very important note to be taken. Nothing flatters a man more thoroughly than admiring him for something which he does rather badly but which he thinks he does rather well.

This indeed I take to be the most valuable form of all, and it never fails of its effect. Nor is it difficult to study the victim according to his various categories. Every one who has written verse, for instance, likes to have his verse praised, however atrocious it may be. That applies to all the arts, to acting, painting, or playing the fiddle. The one single case where it does not apply is that where you overlap on to the second point, where you begin praising a man for something which he must have been overpraised for by hundreds of others. It used to drive Tennyson distracted in old age when people came up to him and praised his verse. And I have heard something of the same sort about Wagner and his music.

Indeed, the best way of flattering a man famous for any particular art, is to discover some minor habit of his and praise his achievement in that. One of the best known of the British Ambassadors in Paris under Queen Victoria was a great hand at making omelets. A sure way to his favor was to praise the omelets. If you praised his diplomacy he would have turned you out of the house, and he would have been quite right, because it would have been an impertinence on your part and to his certain knowledge wholly untrue. He was a bad diplomat, but a good omelet maker.

It is a great rule in the use of flattery to put the flattery into the mouth of a third person; the flattered are more likely to believe the flattery and one can always pick out a third person who is more important than oneself and from whom, therefore, the flattery has greater weight: whilst another excellent rule is to make the third person one of the same trade as the person flattered. Men of the same trade, especially writing men, are apt to be antagonists; with the more warmth do they welcome unexpected kindness from an enemy.

But perhaps the best form of flattery, the one which I should most generally recommend, and which has, I am glad to say, become quite common of late years, is the flattery worked by allusion. In this kind you do not

praise the man for what he has done, but you express admiration for something in which he is concerned.

For instance, if you are speaking to a man who betrayed his country during its rebellion against some alien oppressor, praise the general character of those who are on a moral plane above Nationalism. If you are speaking to an avaricious man who refuses to give anything to the poor, tell diverting stories of scoundrelly letter writers and admire the strength of character which can resist them. This kind of flattery is so powerful that it will nearly always get the flatterer some reward if the flattered man has any power; and I hope no one is so foolish as to flatter unimportant men.

There is a last form of flattery more popular than ever today, and of particular value with the very rich. It consists in blaming violently virtues which they do not possess, but think they do. Thus, if a man of great possessions believes that he never puts on patronizing airs, express the utmost abhorrence of great people who put on airs of false equality. For some reason or other this negative kind of flattery always works. The man hears abuse of the virtue which he thinks he possesses in secret. He is convinced, therefore, that you have not guessed his secret and he swells with pride. More than ever does he inwardly believe himself a model of that virtue, and he will always remember the conversation with pleasure.

It sounds a paradox, but it is true, and it is much easier today than the old-fashioned form, which still has a certain vitality, of running down a man to his face for his possessing some virtue which he does not desire to possess and despises; as for instance to a coward, "I cannot imagine why you are so wickedly foolhardy with a wife and children dependent upon you," or to a miser, "I think I have known you long enough to tell you that your generosity is mere self-indulgence."

There is one kind of flattery, and one only I think, which you may score out altogether as impossible. It has gone the way of all simple things. I mean straightforward flattery—the kind of thing you get in Racine or Shakespeare, or Aristophanes. The kind of thing which courtiers gave to kings of old. Today that never goes down; it has been found out; they know all about it. It is a pity it should be dead, because it was the easiest form by far, and gave every man a chance.

LINES

At evening, when the clouds come quietly home
Across the bay, my thought is often turned
To some past grief,
Some storm of sense, the violent enemy
Of a man's peace and handiwork; till all
Is suddenly clear and quiet, like the frond
Of bracken in a valley after rain.

Then stormy things grow quiet, quiet things
Lose imperfection in the perfect hour.
One thing alone
Can gain no grace from any memory:
Perfect and timeless, that gray afternoon
When in the stillest valley under heaven
I walked beside you by the Annamoe.

L. A. G. STRONG.

Mexico: Politics, Army, Church

JOSEPH F. THORNING, S.J.

THE question most frequently asked of a visitor from south of the Rio Grande is whether General Calles is still the real power in Mexico. It is a natural inquiry. People remember that Calles and Obregon were prepared to take turns holding the Presidency in perpetuity and that, when the last revolution broke out, supreme conduct of the national defense was vested in the ex-President. Consequently many Americans have been inclined to regard the reigning Ortiz Rubio and the Chamber of Deputies as the outward forms of invisible power, as merely,

Shadow shapes that come and go
Beneath the lantern held at midnight
By the Master of the Show.

According to this view the erstwhile Sonoran school teacher dominates the turbulent arena of Mexican politics as effectively from his handsome suburban residence as ever he did when he cracked the whip from the heights of Chapultepec.

While it is true that Señor Calles was not ushered off the stage with the brusquerie which marked the departure of Dr. Hubert Work or Claudius Huston from the American scene, it would be a mistake to picture the General as permanent ring master of the Mexican political circus. Ortiz Rubio is neither a rubber stamp nor a trained seal. He is a man of strong independent convictions. There is no iron collar around his neck nor does he wear the livery of an Indo-Asiatic overlord. Calles, in the first place, did not select Rubio for the Presidency. His choice was Aaron Saenz, but when the revolutionary leaders heard this they had a private caucus which disclosed deep-seated opposition to Señor Saenz. Ortiz Rubio was slated by the ex-Generals and, whether they counted the ballots or not, the engineer, Rubio, was declared victorious over the educator, Vasconcelos by the usual "tremendous majority." It is now very generally conceded that Calles blundered seriously in picking Saenz, a Protestant, as his successor. Mexico is not a place where it is healthy to back a loser.

This error of judgment meant a consequent loss of prestige and influence. The National Revolutionary party, which had been committed to him body and soul, split wide open, some supporting and some opposing their former chief. Calles was told to his face that he was but the idol of yesteryear. This was the assurance gathered from statements of a well-known revolutionary general who, when recalled from diplomatic service to take a place in the internal government, had the courage to tell the former Chief Executive, "I am a Revolutionary of the old school, but I am no Callista!" This gentleman campaigned for Ortiz Rubio and now holds a responsible position in the State with over 700 Federal employes under his supervision. His attitude is typical of many who do not feel that they owe their positions to Calles.

Then, too, the failure of agrarian reform has sadly

discredited the "strong man of Sonora." He had been the principal protagonist of land distribution and, when Mexico's economic situation, as a result of this move, went from bad to worse, Calles was not illogically held to blame. It was his big mistake in the field of economics. To add to his discomfiture, the C. R. O. M., under the unintelligent leadership of Luis Morones and in spite of huge Government subsidies, followed a dangerous flirtation with Communism by a fatal clash with the *Campeños* and went to pieces almost over night. This broke the backbone of the Calles interest. It left him the leader of a faction, not a party, and it remains to be seen whether through the influence of the army and General Joaquin Amaro he can retrieve his position.

Other signs that Calles' grip on the country is loosening are not lacking. One of the salient features of his regime and policy was the attempt, not only to destroy the Catholic Church, but to establish a schismatic body, the Mexican National Church. The first step in the religious persecution of 1926 was to sequester the famous church known as *La Soledad* on the main boulevard of Mexico City. This, the most popular place of worship in the metropolis, was to be reserved for the new schismatic group in the hope that the pious Indians would fail to discriminate and continue to frequent the temple of their predilection. It was a clever move, but doomed to disappointment. Imagine the surprise of Calles and the single apostate priest he induced to share his enterprise when the attendance at *La Soledad* dropped like a plummet. Not a soul could be bribed to enter the favorite church of the Mexican populace. You would think a small-pox warning had been nailed to the front door. As a consequence *La Soledad* had to be abandoned and remained boarded up until on August 30 it was returned to its original purpose of Catholic worship. For Mexicans the restoration is symbolic of the utter rout of those forces which would have made a rent in the seamless robe of Christ and is likewise regarded as a repudiation of a cardinal point of *Callista* policy.

There has been another significant change. Calles, in his furious effort to destroy Catholicism, seized upon Protestantism as a useful ally. The church of Corpus Christi was turned over to the denominations. The laws of cult were not applied against the Protestants in the same way as they were invoked against Catholics. This led to the law receiving the witty appellation, *La Ley del Embudo*, or "The Law of the Funnel." The point of the figure was obvious, implying that in the regulations of religious activity there was a wide and a narrow end of the funnel, since the Catholics received the rigor of the law and the Protestants enjoyed its favor. On September 6, however, it was announced that the Government would nationalize all Methodist church property, a measure long in effect with regard to Catholic churches, schools, hospitals and other institutions. The church of

Corpus Christi was restored to Catholic worship amid great rejoicing and another indication furnished of the futility of Calles' leadership in the matter of anti-Catholic agitation.

Of course, as has been remarked, there is the army, that strong right hand of Señor Calles in days of stress and strain. General Amaro is still Minister of War and, should he support his former chief, there would be no doubt whatever as to the outcome. But neither is Amaro a puppet and the *jefes de operaciones* are responsible only to the *actual* President of the Republic.

Incidentally the army is one of the most prominent features of Mexico today. The sword and bayonet flash from every plaza and *estación* in the Republic. In Cuernavaca, in Puebla, in Guadalajara, in Nogales and in Merida, in far-off Yucatan, you hear bugle notes and the clash of arms. Cavalry troops pop up in the most out-of-the-way places. Squads of infantry pass and repass in the capital. Occasionally you hear the rumble of artillery caissons. The rifles have a healthy click, the bayonets are well polished, and all in all the Mexican soldier furnishes a marked contrast to the ill-clothed, ill-fed, ill-housed peon. The officers are perfectly appointed. At any rate the uniform stands out boldly on the Mexican landscape and is a curt reminder that it would not take long to gather a competent firing squad. Garrisons are being shifted continually, destroying any likelihood of fraternizing between people and soldiers or officers and men. There was quite a turnout in Querétaro in honor of the anniversary of the demise of General Obregon and it rather impressed the onlooker as a formidable display of potential force that would not be lost in the native mind.

To offset this show of military might there are the numerous temples of the Prince of Peace. The spirit of religious worship is the brightest aspect of contemporaneous Mexican life. After all the boasting about schools and rural education, *sufrágio efectivo y no reelección*, the Catholic Faith stands out as the great constructive, cultural force in Mexico today. Hampered and handicapped as the Church has been from the earliest days of the Spanish occupation, it has been true to its high vocation—the work of saving and sanctifying human souls. There is no village so humble, nor province so remote but has its bell-adorned church and local shrine. Neglected and defaced as many of them are, they still remain, as they have always been, the single vision of beauty which has entered the lives of thousands. Within their confines the tide of sacramental grace has flowed on. Hence the persistent vitality of Catholicism in a country where everything is in a state of flux.

In fact the one thing which the revolutionaries have been unable to change or persecution to abate is the enthusiasm of the rank and file of the people for their churches, shrines, priests and devotions. If anything, they have strengthened the faith of both shepherds and flock. Go to a Benediction service in the great cathedral of Puebla, kneel before the altar of Our Lady of Guadalupe, pay a visit to the little chapel in Cuernavaca, just restored through the generosity of Mr. Morrow, and

everywhere you will find men, women, and children rapt in fervent adoration of their Sacramental King. The men particularly deem it an honor to assist at Holy Mass, and no priest has to wait long for a server whether he wishes to celebrate in Oaxaca or Manzanillo. In one village it will be an Indian boy who comes forward, in another a scion of the old Spanish nobility, while in a third it will be some youth in whose veins flows the blood of both great races. Different as they are among themselves in their instincts, habits and temperaments, they are all on the same footing before the altar of God. The unifying effect of the Holy Sacrifice is unmistakable. As a slight illustration, one may cite the Sunday Mass in Puebla where an American priest recited the prayers at the end of Mass in Latin and received an immediate response from the Indians in the vernacular. And the bond between priest and people is strengthened at the time of Holy Communion. The eyes which see their Lord and Master approaching in the Blessed Sacrament speak no language but that of deathless, supernatural love. The priest who administers the Sacrament can only murmur, "One Faith, One Lord, One Baptism."

The Mexican clergy are an honor to the Catholic priesthood. Their courage and devotion during the religious persecution (147 were killed) have won the undying gratitude of the people. It would not be necessary to touch on this point were it not for the wide circulation given to a contrary report in Ernest Gruening's book, "The Heritage of Mexico." There it is alleged that during the Church-State conflict payments were required for religious ministrations. After mingling with every class of society and hearing comments from numerous disinterested observers, one marvels at the utter gratuity of the charge. One example should suffice. In a single parish in 1928 the parish clergy administered 23,000 Communion in one month and 200,000 in one year and distributed 10,000 Communion in private homes on the Feast of Christ the King, without requiring one centavo for their services. This is a record of disinterested apostolic zeal that will be part of the history of the Catholic Church in Mexico.

All this reverence for priests and Religious who died in the persecution is caught up and symbolized in the cult to Father Miguel Agustín Pro. Pick any day you wish to visit the Cemetery of Dolores and there you will find this grave treated almost as a shrine. People come, kneel, pray awhile and go while others take their places. Young men and women tend to the outward aspect of things about the grave, the former painting the simple iron railing which marks the family plot of the Society of Jesus and the latter arranging vases heaped high with fresh floral offerings. Votive lights and candles shine there in all weather. Signs that cures have been worked in his name are not wanting. Two hundred and fifty miles from his grave in Guadalajara you may read the placard fixed to the doors of the Church of St. Francis: "I have received signal favors through the intercession of Father Miguel Pro and I ask all who read these lines to join me in returning thanks to God for his help." It is clear that the Faithful in Mexico, without wishing to anticipate the decisions of the Holy See, are inclined to

think that San Felipe, Mexican Franciscan saint who shed his blood for the Faith in Japan, will soon welcome a brother martyr to the honors of the altar. Such an event would be another tribute to the sanctity of the Mexican clergy.

Don Quixote, Ph. D.

PHILIP BURKE

YOUNG professor addressing a new class: "We will meet in this room at one o'clock on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. Books on the History of Grecian Civilization and Art will be in reserve in the reading room of the library. From time to time I will call for reports of your supplementary reading. Before the end of the quarter each student will present a paper of, perhaps, 5,000 words, on some pertinent phase of our subject matter.

"My office is Room 303 on the third floor of the Liberal Arts building. Daily at four o'clock I will be free for student conferences.

"Will any student who finds it difficult to hear me, please indicate that fact by raising his hand?"

While he speaks, the professor is thinking:

Not a vacant seat. A heavy enrolment. That's fine! So many eager young faces. What a challenge it is! And a privilege. The youth of Athens—crowding around Socrates, wanting to know. And they poisoned Socrates. Today he'd get a note from the Dean. Have we grown kinder—or do we just care less? It doesn't matter. The quest for truth goes on. Youth again going forward, surging over the debris of war, rejecting the little gods of yesterday, turning away from the prophets of despair. They want to find a saner way of life. Humanism—that's it. The will to refrain is the answer. They have crowded this classroom to hear me. The fire of Athens kindled again in these young minds.

A pretty girl, gazing thoughtfully at the professor, is thinking:

Greek Civilization and Art! It sounds a little heavy, but they say he's a swell marker. I ought to get a B. in it anyhow. "Books on reserve in the library." I wonder if he's read "Helen of Troy." A professor wrote that one. Erskene—or something like that. I guess Troy was around Athens.

He's good-looking all right. I wonder if he's engaged or anything. They generally are. We might ask him over for a fireside.

"Conferences at four." I'll have to think up a question and go around. That always helps. This ought to be all right for three credits, but I've got to get in to Domestic Science, 17. They make the smartest hats. If that comes at one o'clock, too, I'll just have to drop this one. There's Biff Gibson over there. I'll get his eye in a minute.

Biff Gibson, a large, blond young Nordic, is cutting his initials, fraternity and other data, on the cover of his notebook—and he is thinking:

They say this bird's got a great line. Write a paper of 5,000 words! Gosh! Why don't he say a book and

be done with it? I wonder if he reads all his themes. Some do and some don't. You can't tell, that's the hell of it. They've got a lot of old themes over at the Sigma house. I'll look 'em over. Anyhow, you can always fill in with a lot of stuff out of a book. If you put it in quotes they haven't any comeback. Some of 'em like that—looks literary.

Greek Civilization and Art! I'll get a load of this just the same. Cultural, that's what it is. A fellow ought to take two or three courses like this. It's all right to be a big shot around the campus, and make a good frat, but a feller needs a little culture, too. The way I look at it—if you're going out and make good, if you want to sell bonds in a big way, you got to have a smooth line.

One student down front, his earnest, near-sighted eyes on the professor's face, is thinking:

Greek Civilization and Art! Another window! College like a high tower. You climb up and look out the windows, the professors pointing out. "That's Greece over there." The sun on white temples. But it's very far away. You can't see much. You just say, "Yes sir. Yes sir. That's Greece." And then you look out of another window, another teacher pointing. After four years of it you go down and get a job and forget it all. If you have kids, you send them up for a look. Will they go through the same thing?

I wonder if those Greeks knew—what it's all about—where we're going—what it means. Evolution, I guess. But why? To what, anyhow? I can't find out. So many answers make no answer. I want to know.

Stout youth in back of room, easing his bulk in his chair and looking around thoughtfully:

There's Biff Gibson over there. Biff picks the fruit courses. We got a full house in this one. Greek Civilization and Art! Well—why not? You get three credits for it, same as any other three-hour course. "Conferences at four." Not me, brother. Friendly, but not familiar, that's me.

Look at the co-eds down front. The boys and girls are all here. This fellow's a good-looking prof and an easy marker. That's a great combination. I'll bet I could sell tickets to this course. Well, bring on your Greeks, prof. I'm broadminded myself. Gosh, I ate too much lunch!

Professor, still speaking earnestly and happily:

"This crowded classroom is no tribute to me. I realize that. It has a larger significance and a deeper meaning. It indicates, I think, a trend of the time. An intellectual movement that may have far-reaching results. It is Youth making splendid discovery. Modern youth in the light of old wisdom, discovering its own soul.

"Your presence here suggests that to me. These crowded benches are a tribute to the men of Athens and the glory that was Greece. Your interest in these things is a tribute to Humanism. To the New Humanism, which is a reaffirmation of human dignity; of man's will, triumphant through restraint; of man's mind, questing always for beauty and truth. . . ."

A bell rings and the professor's voice is lost in the scraping of chairs.

Belgium Studies Secondary Education

W. EDMUND FITZGERALD, S.J.

BELGIUM was busy and jubilant with celebrating her centenary of national independence. Everywhere throughout that indomitable little country, flags and bunting reminded one that this was a gala season. To the casual observer, Nature, herself, seemed to have lent a liberal hand and turned her cornucopia upon the fields, rich and golden with their shocks of wheat. Whatever the economist might have said, one could not help but marvel at the quiet energy of a people who had rebuilt their industries and nurtured again to rich meadows and fertile crops a land, these few years since, scarred by war.

But in the moment of national rejoicing, Belgium was thinking not only of her factories and well-tilled fields, but also of her schools. Still more, with the same expansive view, and the same missionary zeal that sent a De Smet to America, a Lievens to India, and her scores or even hundreds of missionaries to the Congo, she was thinking not only of her own well-organized Catholic schools but of those throughout the world. And so, she planned to organize, under the patronage of her venerable university of Louvain, the First International Congress of Catholic Secondary Education.

To prepare such a Congress was a gigantic task and with the first few steps into the maze of details, the brave pioneers may well have caught their breath. But, finally, through the tireless efforts of M. l'Abbé Hiers as General Secretray, the Rev. Léon Morel, S.J., Rector of St. John Berchman's College, Brussels, and many others, over 500 delegates, men and women, Religious and lay, from twenty-six countries, convened for the first general session on July 28, at the Institute of St. Louis, Brussels. Monsignor Legrave, Auxiliary Bishop of Malines, expressed joy and even surprise at the numbers who had responded to their invitation. It may be, that with greater resources at hand, and fuller information about the organizations in other countries, many more potential delegates would have been reached. This is especially true of America, where we can justly be proud of our Catholic schools and the organization that has brought them together so powerfully. But, this lack was precisely one of the reasons for calling the Congress. To make for universal acquaintance and cooperation among the branches of Catholic education and school organization, if not the primary end, certainly was one of the aims that gave great importance to the undertaking.

What, precisely, was this Congress? On the official program, it was called *Congrès international de l'enseignement secondaire libre*. The title gives us the scope and the aim. The international element is evident, though the need and importance of it may not appear to many, at first glance. But we shall see more of that. The *Secondaire* is usually accepted for the school which brings the student through his course in the classics and philosophy, equivalent to our high school and college com-

bined. At the word *Libre*, Americans, with the cost of college education in mind, ordinarily feel a twitch toward the mercenary meaning of the word: it has a significance far more fundamental. It means freedom of education, the freedom of parents to send their children to schools of their own choosing with the natural right to procure for them the proper religious education. It means, further, the freedom from any supervision by which the State could exercise repression of that liberty. It means that the State must recognize that liberty and see to it that graduates of free schools be not embarrassed by undue requirements in schools of higher studies controlled by the State.

Liberty is the cornerstone of true education, and it is set directly upon the foundation of natural rights of the individual and the family. To reassert this right to liberty of education, to defend it, to dispel from its understanding the murk and obscurity of so-called modern methods, to assure to Catholic schools their proper function in the use of it, this was the first and clearly stated aim of the Congress. For an ampler Credo, the Congress found no need since it pledged itself wholly and entirely to the acceptance and propagation of the principles set down in the Encyclical of Pope Pius XI.

Readers of AMERICA are well informed on the attacks continually made, even in the United States, on the liberty of education. There were present, at Brussels, delegates from great nations of Europe who have always before their eyes the numerous government *lycées*, police stations and barracks, which still bear above their portals insignia or other unmistakable signs of having been free, religious, secondary schools. It is true that the first hostile thrusts are rarely made at the extreme target of spoliation, but loss of life and property are not the first steps in the infringement of rights. It is equally true, that rarely, if ever, are any attacks made except under the cry of "Liberty." And how the ideas of a nation can change! An accepted term, an implied doctrine in the news of the day, a little familiarity with the term in daily conversation, and it impinges on the ideals of the ordinary man and becomes part of his philosophy.

What's in a name? "Free Schools." We have so long called our schools Catholic schools, that non-Catholics and even Catholics have come to consider that we are enjoying a privilege in being allowed a distinctive education for our children. The Government gives the names *Free, Public*, to its schools, and people confuse freedom of admittance and freedom from tuition with the lack of true liberty involved in the irreligious classes and Godless science taught at the dictate of the State.

Belgium was celebrating her centenary of national independence, and the causes of the struggle were too clear in the minds of the Belgian delegates to allow any confusion of ideas about the meaning of *l'enseignement libre*. Just prior to 1830, the closing of the Latin schools by

the Calvinist Duke of Orange, the closing of the Collège d'Alost, and the enforced attendance of students at the State School of Philosophy, where the teaching of religion was forbidden, formed one of the major causes that precipitated the revolution. In those days, *l'enseignement libre* was all but a synonym for the sacred liberty of the nation. How curiously contrary that point of view is to the one of today when so many otherwise clear-headed men confuse national liberty with the public schools where the teaching of religion is forbidden by law.

The second aim of the Congress was the strength to be found in an international organization. Catholic education is of its nature as universal as man. It is, first, the teaching of the Catholic religion; and, then, the teaching of the arts and sciences, studied, interpreted, and understood under the guidance of that Faith. It is logical, therefore, that there should be a universal organization for the application of the fundamental methods. Besides, by the mere fact that such an organization exists, with strikingly clear and firm notions of the liberty of education, the pernicious efforts of those, who shout the world over for State schools at whatever cost, are thrown into distinguishable relief. This alone would be an accomplishment of moment to us in America.

Those who attended the sessions on education in Geneva, and those who came to Liège, discovered the same intensive "lobbying" for the glorification and absolutism of the State in education. In these discussions plans are formulated with a bold hand for State schools. Catholic and independent schools ("sectarian" they are called) are ignored as if they were an excrescence the mature health of modern governments will succeed in throwing off. They are looked upon as an outgrowth of the disorderly days of youthful democracy. But with modern democracy and efficiency . . . !

The Hegelian thesis and its outlaw Soviet corollary of the "Child for the State" generally finds expression in the milder form of the "State as the sole agent in the education of the child." What else does a National Board of Education ultimately mean, and these international committees of investigation, but the strengthening of government control over the child as an entity distinct from the family? The maverick offspring of this doctrine has been battenning a long time in the open fields of public-school-trained minds, and, now, it has begun to stampede certain groups in Europe with the bruit of "a day-nursery, a kindergarten, and a public school for every (State?) child."

The Congress of Brussels girded itself to combat the spread of this doctrine. It raised as its standard the Declaration of Rights of His Holiness Pius XI. It hoped to organize the Catholic and independent thought of the world in the defense of these rights. It organized a permanent committee under the chairmanship of the Rev. Dr. Corcoran, S.J., of the National University of Ireland. Each semester, a Review will be published, in which the conditions and problems of religious schools in various countries will be discussed. And finally, in the near future, plans will be begun for a second Congress to be held at a time not too far off.

The last assembly closed with the words of congratulation and the blessing of the Papal Nuncio to Belgium. That same afternoon, the members of the Congress were received at the Hotel de Ville by the Burgomaster of Brussels. It was encouraging and, as it were, like listening to the first echo of the Congress to hear the Burgomaster speak concisely and earnestly of the ideals to be found only in religious education. Delegates from each nation responded, to thank the men of Belgium for their zeal and energy in bringing about, under such happy auspices, a Congress which should mean so much in the preservation of those ideals. Each one, I think, wondered how long it would be before public men in their respective countries would turn again with clear vision to see not only the right but the necessity of religious education.

Sociology

Further Federal Foolishness

PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

MY wholehearted sympathy goes out to Mrs. Ruth Hanna McCormick, of Illinois, candidate for the Senate. Fleeing from the Scylla and Charybdis of Prohibition and much beer, she has collided with—and, I fear, wrecked—a milk train for babies.

It is clear that Washington must clean up the wreck, for the issue is made Federal by the fact that the whole story was uncovered by Senator Nye's investigating committee. That is a much closer Federal link than most Federal-State fifty-fifty schemes can boast.

The Washington correspondent of the *New York World*, Elliott Thurston, tells the tale in his inimitable way in the *World* for September 21. It seems that in Illinois there is an association known as the Chicago Milk Fund; and this is probably the first time since long John Wentworth went West that Chicago and milk have been brought together in one title. The Fund is supervised by the Civic League, and the League is supervised by Miss Naomi McAllister.

For a few treacherous moments, the Senate Committee seemed to believe that Miss McAllister was supervised by Mrs. Ruth Hanna McCormick, but that base conclusion was just another error. Mrs. McCormick had merely given \$5,000 to the Milk Fund at a time when she was seeking votes. The Senate Committee not unnaturally inclined to think that this money should not be listed under milk, but added to Mrs. McCormick's campaign expenditures which, when last heard from, had reached a total of \$350,000.

Before the Senators had untangled the milk cans from the dollars, and the votes from the babies, and Mrs. McCormick from all four, a very pleasant time was had by all, except by Miss McAllister. Besides the \$5,000 from Mrs. McCormick, Miss McAllister had received \$2,726 from various sources—a sum which even in New York would purchase a sup of milk for hundreds of families, were every one as large as that of the old woman who lived in the shoe. Unfortunately, however, after the

overhead was deducted, Miss McAllister had only \$178 with which to buy milk for the babies.

Hence the call goes out to the Nation to save the home of Grant and Lincoln—one born in Ohio, the other in Kentucky—and of Bathhouse John and Al Capone, from utter destruction. When the overhead on \$7,726 is \$7,548, it is high time, or even higher, to call in the aid and advice of the Federal Government.

Every penny, it must be clearly understood, was honestly expended. Miss McAllister may have concluded that the babies needed publicity more than they needed milk, or, possibly, that much immediate publicity would bring in future oceans of milk for the children of the present infants. In furtherance of this plan, she decided to give a ball, sponsored by the Milk Fund, in honor of Governor Emmerson.

Most regrettably, the Governor forgot to come to his ball. Mr. Thurston implies that, in Miss McAllister's mind, this social error all but ruined the Civic League, or, at least, that part of the League interested in the Milk Fund. However that may be, Miss McAllister unfolded her budget to the admiring—and now convinced Senators—in something like the following manner:

Salaries	\$1,700	Milk	\$178
Unclassified items	660		
Miscellaneous	430		
White satin ball dresses and silk or chiffon stockings for 60 girls ..	300		
(This looks like a bargain.)			
Telephone	250		
Salaries for publicity men	185		

Office expenses and varia, add to make	\$7,548	\$7,726
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"Do you mean," asked Senator Wagner, of New York, "that you spent more than \$7,500 to investigate the necessity of distributing \$178 worth of milk?"

"Certainly not," returned Miss McAllister, with a touch of asperity.

"Well, that seems to be an inescapable conclusion from your testimony," said Senator Wagner (New York *World*, September 21, 1930).

Miss McAllister's explanation that quite a bit of publicity was necessary to prevent undeserving infants, present and future, from sharing in the milk, left Senator Wagner quite unimpressed. But every social worker will at once understand how necessary it is to conduct these campaigns in due order.

When such things can be in sharp-eyed Chicago, worse are done, we may be sure, in less sophisticated parts of the country, such as Flatbush, N. Y., and Opelousas, La. I can discern no remedy floating on the horizon, or rising above the nadir, except that which has been brewed by Mrs. Ruth Bryan Owen, of Florida. This peerless daughter of a peerless leader, the late William Jennings Bryan, is one of our most capable Congresswomen, and since the adjournment of Congress, she has prepared a bill which calls for the creation forthwith of "The Federal Department of Home and Child."

This affair is to have a Secretary, preferably a woman,

who shall be a member of the Presidential Cabinet. Incidentally, there is no such thing as a presidential cabinet, unless the term be applied to some article of furniture used by the President; at least, the Constitution knows nothing about it. But as the Federal Constitution knows nothing of Federal supervision of, or aid to, home and child, except to forbid both, the score is, perhaps, evened.

Here we have a step in the right direction; that is, if any direction at all, is right. But granted the premise of Federal concern, the direction is not, in my judgment, right enough. I move to substitute by proposing a bill to create a Federal Department of Morons.

This contrivance is to exercise exclusive jurisdiction over any and all the concerns and interests, of whatever kind, of all our 132,000,000 inhabitants, including Indians, non-assimilables, and persons not taxed. The rest of the Government, Federal and State, is to be abolished. It will not be needed. Nothing will be needed, but the peace and quiet of the tomb into which, with Mr. Toots, we shall glide with feelings closely akin to gratitude.

"Our people have ceased to depend upon themselves, and lean increasingly upon the central Government," said James M. Beck, of Philadelphia, in a radio address last week. "They even look to a central Government to relieve them from the consequences of their own follies, or to aid them in leading temperate and frugal lives."

Quite correct, Mr. Beck. But what of it? Mr. Beck and the few who believe that this continual effort to intrude the Government upon the individual debases the citizen and degrades the Government, are as much out of place today as a flock of pterodactyls. They would consult their peace and save their time by emulating the silence of these interesting and extinct animals. For Constitution or no Constitution, the Government must teach us what to eat and what not to drink, and how to buy milk for babes mewling on the fertile plains of Illinois.

HER SERENE MAJESTY

On her depicted presence
He stared in dumb amaze,
To see her rosed and liliated face
Unhued for downy grays;
As when a camel-rider,
Without the Tartar Wall,
Beholds the Flowery Kingdom drowned
Of dews upon the fall.

Then, from off her likeness,
He stole a frank salute
That left the homaged lips of her
Serenely still and mute;
As when a temple's beggar
Makes off with idol-food
From one who, being a goddess, may
Abide in tranquil mood.

At last, to laud her image,
He veiled its foreign gray
With silvers native to the art
These prudent lines portray;
As when Lee Foo, in painting
Her Highness, saved his head
By leaving out her shadowgraph
And drawing his instead.

FRANCIS CARLIN.

Education

The Art of Prayer

MAURICE S. SHEEHY, PH.D.

WHEN two weeks ago I began these dissertations on the Art of Being a Freshman, I wrote that the first step consisted in the Art of Being Yourself. But to this art the Art of Study is essential. This week I add the third essential—the Art of Prayer. Be yourself, be a student, and be a man of prayer, and you may expect to make a success of your life at college.

Now college students may be divided into those who pray and those who don't pray. Tennyson once wrote that those who do not pray were no better than sheep or goats. These suggestions are not for the sheep and goats, at least not directly. I am making them for the benefit of college students who choose to pray.

Has it ever occurred to you, freshmen, that Our Lord might have been making a big assumption when He consistently spoke to His auditors as if they were prayerful people? He seemed to presume that people knew enough to pray. "When you pray," He said, as if everyone prayed. A certain part of your college life will be concerned with prayer, either as a matter of routine or as a matter of choice. You have a whole wealth of suggestions in your manuals of prayers for making prayer worth while. I would like to add a few practical hints in terms which I think may appeal to you as freshmen.

1. Appreciate the privilege of addressing God. If you should chance to be going to school in Washington and if you should have access to the White House, you would be considered a privileged character. A marvelous feature of prayer is that by it we have access to God at any time and place. But we must not abuse the privilege of such familiarity. Talk to God (I nearly committed the blasphemy of saying as if He were the President of the United States) as if He were God! Don't address Him as you would one of those hard-boiled professors in whose presence you tremble. God deserves more consideration than that.

2. Be simple in prayer. A great statesman gave us a fine slogan in inaugurating a recent political campaign. "I shall use words to convey a meaning," he said, and the whole world gasped in astonishment. Now when we talk to God, let us use words to convey a meaning. I know that God understands slang as well as language because I once had charge of a class of street urchins who couldn't use any other approach to God. The purpose of a college education is not to help you use eight-cylinder words in talking to God, but rather to help you to talk to Him as you did when you were six years old, before this pretense of learning, and many regrettable incidents, had intervened to make your relations with Him more strained. Talk to God instead of at Him. "When you pray." Our Lord told us, "Say things; simple things, as if from the heart of a child."

3. All art is gauged by the canon of reality. In the art of praying, your prayers should be real. This is equivalent to saying, "Be yourself in prayer." I imagine

that in every freshman class there will be a few who will insist upon broadcasting in this manner for God's benefit: "This is a college student wasting his time (and God's too) by reading some big words toward God. God, rejoice that a college student pays attention to You. There are so many who simply do not bother about praying. It is really very good of me to have given You all this time, God, and I'll be back when I want something. College student, signing off."

Once upon a time, I asked a friend, who had won all-American football honors, his idea of a real act of contrition. Then he told me of an experience on the football field. He played under a man who insisted that the first condition of winning a football game (call this superstition if you will) was that each man stay in the state of grace, and that many a game had been lost simply because a man could not stay in the state of grace for four quarters. On this day a player had forgotten himself to the extent of using both vicious tactics and cuss words. The tide of battle turned against his team, and a few moments later he asked for time out. After the game, which his team won, the coach wanted to know why time was taken out at this critical juncture. "Had to make an act of contrition," the big fellow confessed shamefacedly, "I forgot myself in there."

I can respect a primitive Punan who attempts to propitiate the gods and secure a good rice crop by chopping off the heads of some of his neighbors. But I have not much respect for the college student who rattles through the formula, "I would rather die a thousand deaths than commit one venial sin," without meaning one tittle of it.

4. For the art of praying I would recommend also the quality of actuality. Roughly we might divide those who pray into those who pray because they like to pray, and those who pray because they think they ought to pray. What is the difference between the two? I think that one group has grasped the idea that God is a real God, and they are real people, creatures of His, and the other has failed to realize the fundamental assumption in prayer. "One of the toughest things in my spiritual experience in college," a student informed me some years ago, "was the terrible suspicion that came to me time and again that God after all might not be interested in my prayer." While the thought may not reflect much credit upon the writer, I am sure that if I am ever privileged to attend a meeting of my alumni association in heaven, I shall find that among my best prayers were those that came from the depths of the chair of a dentist who was saying over and over, "It won't be long now." An English writer tells us his reaction as he heard a congregation singing, "Paradise, O Paradise, I greatly long for thee." As the volume of sound rolled up to the organ loft, the caustic old organist remarked, "They would be frightened out of their wits if they found themselves there; they are quite satisfied to hold on here as long as they can." "What did you say as you went over the top?" I asked a Negro soldier at Base Hospital No. 28 after the war. "First ah said, 'Good-bye boys.' Then ah says, 'Greetens, Lawd, here comes one of your best friends.'"

Now I know, freshman, that it is hard for you to

understand how He who rules the stars and the universe, should be interested in the lonesomeness that eats the heart out of a mere freshman, or the rebuff that you have suffered, or the joy of a good recitation. But while a freshman may not amount to much on your campus, he is still a bit more important than a sparrow. We know that not one sparrow shall fall without the Father's consent. When you grasp that fact, your prayers will have the quality of actuality.

5. The quality of perseverance is essential in the art of prayer. Some freshmen have a hard battle ahead of them, as well as behind them, to overcome some sickening faults, and to forestall growing disorders. "When will these temptations stop?" asked a freshman of his spiritual director in confession. "About a half hour after you die," was the complacent reply. And the battle is never lost until you stop praying. A college chaplain told me of his difficulty years ago with a boy who could not grasp the fact that the Ten Commandments were manifestations of a Father's love and concern for His children. The boy stopped praying and fell into worse and worse habits. One day he requested a personal favor of the chaplain. "I'll grant it," said the chaplain, "if you do one thing. Drop into the chapel and say an 'Our Father' for my intention as if you meant it." The boy came back presently. He wanted to talk of everything except the favor he had requested. His prayer had re-established vital contacts with God, just as pressing a button may re-establish contacts to light a lamp.

Some college students have a limited edition of the quality of perseverance. They will train and suffer hardships for months in order to win a football game, but not to save their soul. Prayer for some is hard, especially the kind of prayer that pulls a student out of self and close to God. But is it not worth while? *Prayer always wins.*

6. What prayers should a college student say? I would stress two, not to the exclusion of others, but as deserving special consideration. The first is the morning offering. The objection the students in my class have raised whenever I talk about prayer is simply this: "What you say about the value of prayer is unreasonable. God would not grant so much merely for the asking. We couldn't get autos by asking dealers for them, or new clothing by a mere request of the merchants. When you suggest that 'prayer always wins' or that we should ask for everything, aren't you stretching things a bit?" Now in every objection that college students have proposed to me I have found a bit of wisdom. I suppose the bit of wisdom in this objection is that God should not grant autos to freshmen merely for the asking—nor, I hope, for any other reason!

This objection might best be answered by a little personal experience. Recently I sent a check to a merchant in payment of an account. The check was returned to me and the merchant suggested to me good-humoredly that he was making a collection of autographs, and would I please add mine—to the check? The intrinsic value of the check was changed very little by my signature, but the extrinsic value was considerably changed. Why? Be-

cause the canons of finance say that my intention of paying some money, signified by my signature, is legal tender. In other words, society wishes to do business in that way. Now God wishes to do business in a certain way too. A cup of water offered up in His name has great merit; so would a class offered up "in His Name," or a football practice, or a golf match. The morning offering is a way in which you can sign over to God every thought, word, and deed of a certain day. And that's a sure method of keeping a balance in your heavenly bank account.

The other prayer I would recommend especially to you freshmen with some special instructions. Try this exercise some day. Go into the chapel, and place your watch in front of you, and then with only the watch and God before you, forget about the watch and talk to God in accents which He Himself has placed upon your lips. Say the Our Father. And when it takes you five full minutes by your watch, minutes without a bit of distraction, to say that prayer, then be thankful, freshman, for you are a man of prayer.

With Scrip and Staff

GREAT indignation was expressed by anti-Catholic elements in Belgium on the occasion of the recent International Catholic Congress on Secondary Education over the use of the word *free* (*libre*) for Catholic schools in Belgium and France. So the Brussels *Dernière Heure*:

The clericals have the habit of monopolizing this word. This false qualification, this usurped title must be unmasked. Clerical schools are not free in any fashion. . . . In these so-called schools neither teachers, nor pupils, nor parents are free. The only liberty that they have is obedience to a religious authority which is most particular in regard to dogmas and obedience to the Church, and most exacting in political affairs, etc.

The word *free* is used by the Belgian and French Catholics not to indicate that their schools are free from subservience to the truth, a kind of liberty that thwarts the very essence of education; nor are they called free because they necessarily impose no financial sacrifice on those who patronize them. But they are free from domination through an irreligious program of exacting Governments; they are free precisely because they are not State-owned, State-controlled schools.

In the use of this term the Belgian Catholics look back with pride as well as regret to the very point that was the principal cause of the rebellion of 1830 and the separation of Belgium from Holland. Says Charles Terlinden, the Belgian historian, (quoted in *Civiltà Cattolica* for September 20):

If King William I of Holland had not violated the liberties and the rights of Catholics, these people, faithful to a religion which commands respect for authority, would never have had the idea of rebellion; nor would they have ever united with the Liberals, their irreconcilable enemies; nor would the Liberals, who were then few and had only a weak influence over the people, have been by themselves in a position to shake off the foreign yoke. Without the aid of the Catholics the Belgian revolution would have been an ineffective incitement; would have been a barren commotion without any effect.

Article XVII of the Belgian Constitution of 1830 states:

Education is free; any provision to the contrary is forbidden; only the repression of delinquencies is regulated by the laws; public instruction given at the expense of the State is likewise regulated by the laws.

Here we see in sharp outline the true notion of the free school, put side by side in equal rights and equal dignity with the school supported "at the expense of the State." The free school is the school not State-controlled. Regardless of whether it charges tuition or not, the non-free school is the State-controlled, State-supported school. These terms were changed around by the Liberals by the law of July 10, 1879, and June 15, 1881, by which the State monopoly of education, the so-called lay school system, was established in Belgium and used as a means of persecution of free Catholic education. Catholic freedom to a relative degree was only won back by a long process of agitation and combat.

SOME of us have wondered whether it would not have been better in the United States if we, too, had not used the word *free school* instead of parochial school, or parish school. The term *parish school* refers rather to the immediate administrative agency of the school and does not describe its essence. The term *public school* again is just as applicable to the Catholic school as to the State-owned school for which it is at present used. The Catholic parish school is just as much a public school as the State school, save that it is not supported by public taxation. In other words, our distinction between public and Catholic school is based simply on the manner of support. If you speak of "free school" to the ordinary American the term *public school* arises in his mind with the provision of free textbooks, free tuition, etc., forgetting that in reality nothing is free; for you pay in the end for every form of education, whether you pay directly to the school management, or indirectly through the State.

This emphasis on the method of administration or the method of support, both of which are secondary considerations, has turned our minds away from the essential prerogative of the Catholic as compared with the State school; namely, the freedom of the school itself to impart to the child the whole message of education without stint or hindrance, to be free to speak of God in the classroom, to be free in fulfilling that educational task which the free and intelligent Christian conscience sees is the only adequate way of forming the Christian character.

Referring to the early education of Patrick J. Hurley, our present Secretary of War, a prominent Methodist recently pointed out the value of a free school, that is to say, a denominational or religious school, in the development of character. "Of course there was character to be developed in the Irish youth," says Mr. Walter Raleigh in the *Christian Advocate* for July 3, 1930, "and it was developed." And he adds: "Another and not less important fact lies in the value of denominational schools and missionary colleges that make it possible for such characters to receive the polishing that lifts them to high places."

Until we can learn from our European brethren to

place the real emphasis in education on essential freedom, we shall not present our claims in the proper light.

THE cause of Catholic education in this country has had a life-long defender and promoter in the person of Father Eugene Phelan, present Provincial of the American Province of the Fathers of the Holy Ghost, who celebrated the golden jubilee of his priesthood at Ferndale, Conn., on October 7 of this year. The McDonnell Memorial High School, erected in 1907 by Father Phelan in his pastorate at Chippewa Falls, Wis., was the twelfth Catholic high school in the United States to obtain university affiliation, being affiliated with the State University of Wisconsin. Under Father Phelan's guidance as Provincial, Duquesne University, in Pittsburgh, obtained its university charter in 1911, and reached its present growth.

The following is told by Father Henry J. McDermott, C.S.Sp., of Father Phelan's work in his early pastorate at Notre Dame Church, Chippewa Falls:

Father Phelan took possession of his new post on April 5 following. To minister to the spiritual needs of the parish of 3,000 souls and the missions connected with it, two priests of his Order were assigned to aid him. The population was of a mixed character with Irish and French Canadians predominating, and as is usual where different and conflicting elements abound, harmonious action was conspicuous by its absence. But soon the versatile pastor welded the two nationalities into one consistent whole. During his long sojourn in France, he had acquired an unusual mastery of the idioms of the language and an unfaltering fluency of expression, together with an accent that would have enabled him to pass amongst the most critical as a native Frenchman. With the French, he had the common bond of language, and with the Irish the mutual link of origin from the same stock. He made himself all to all men, and gained all.

Whilst he was conciliating the affections of his people he was also devoting himself zealously to their spiritual advancement. By establishing sodalities for men and for women, for boys and for girls, he encouraged and secured a highly edifying frequentation of the Sacraments. By carefully prepared sermons at the Masses and elaborately worked-out instructions at sodality reunions and Holy Name rallies, he so instructed his congregation that every member of it could give a reason for the faith that was in him and silence the oft-repeated, oft-refuted calumnies against the Church and the odious charges leveled against Notre Dame by bigots who openly maintained that the basement of its buildings were stacked with arms. . . .

Missions . . . maintained the fervor of the devout. . . .

The Fathers . . . turned to advantage their knowledge of Plain Chant by training the boys of the St. John Berchmans Sodality in the rendering of Gregorian melodies at Mass and Vespers. The Men's Choir, in turn, adopted the solemn and majestic music prescribed by our Holy Father the Pope. . . .

One point stands out in Father Phelan's system, which might pass unheeded. The program of training in Catholic apologetics went hand in hand with training in the Church's liturgy and chant. The two are by no means dissociated. Said a well-known Catholic organist and choir-leader, John J. Fehring, at the convention of the Society of St. Gregory, in Pittsburgh, in May of this year: "In tearing down by neglect of its beauties, this fabric of the Church's action which we call her real Liturgy, we have exposed the dogmas to plain acceptance or rejection without the great buffer state occasioned by the liturgical life."

THE PILGRIM.

Literature

More Readers I Have Met

FRANCIS TALBOT, S.J.

FOR money or for sleep: these were the aims of the readers whom I discussed in these pages last week. While those who read for money strive to read alertly and aggressively and with conscientious fidelity, those who read for sleep indulge in it as a pastime to induce velvet eye-lids to kiss each other softly. For both of these classes of readers, the reading of books is something of a drug. For the former it is the drug to be fed to the so-called wolf at the door; for the latter it is the drug that lulls them away from the nightmares of the dark.

To another class, reading is rather a disease than a drug. These are the inveterate readers for whom any kind of a book is a book to read. I have met some very young readers who were infected rather seriously with the reading-disease. There is my young friend of not more than twelve; born of bookish parents, he early acquired the habit of spelling out words. Almost as soon as he had learned the alphabet, he went to story-books with large print and numerous pictures, and from these to indiscriminate books. At the present time he wears spectacles and is never happy unless he has a book to read. While boys of his acquaintance are roaring about, looking for mischief, he hides away, like Thomas à Kempis, in a little nook, but sodden and sunken, in a book. He prefers books to friends, books to dinner and the cook, even books to sleep.

Then there is the middle-sized girl who went to Europe. She read books while the clouds were creating pictures for her to dream about, while the splashing waves were making music for her ears, while the sea-gulls played their pantomime for her entertainment. When she was on deck, she locked herself up with her book. And when she had London and Paris and Rome spread about her feet, and the history of the ages calling out to her, she was content with her hotel-room and her book. Reading may be a bad disease, especially for the inveterate young reader.

Some are never cured of this disease. Many a family quarrel has been caused by a book; the wife, for example, forgets the roast in the oven because the heroine is being rescued from the craggy ledge by the courageous lover; the husband refuses to go to the bridge-party because he wants to finish his book. Thus, an otherwise inoffensive book may be the wedge that splits domestic peace. When the reading-disease breaks up families, then the reading of books is not to be countenanced.

A very interesting group is that which I may call subterfuge-readers. Their purpose in reading is serious only for the moment. When there is imminent necessity for sending one of the family on an errand, the subterfuge-reader will immerse himself so completely in his book that no one would have the cruelty to disturb him. And when conversation might become incriminating, he can busy himself so deeply in a book that he can be excused for answering the questions abstractedly. In a

diametrically opposite way, reading may be used to listen to conversations. I have in mind the little girl who snuggles into a chair and reads her book whenever there are adult visitors to her home. If she looked from one to the other of the speakers as they conversed, or if she frankly listened to the conversation, she would be in grave danger of exile. But when she is quietly and unobtrusively reading, no one pays attention to her. The last time I saw her, she had her eyes on the very spiritual and very serious second volume of "The Watches of the Passion." But she was living, for the moment, through her ears.

Most of those who write about reading, divide their readers into those who read for profit and those who read for pleasure. These categories, I suppose, are as clear as any, though one may be confused with the other. The fifteen-minute-a-day reader should undoubtedly be classed as one who reads for profit alone. Likewise, the reader who follows a list of selected books. So also, the person who is wise enough to put into practice Brother Azarias' eight rules for readers. For no one who sets aside a quarter of an hour for compulsory reading, who chooses his books by listed titles, who keeps rules for right procedure in reading, would waste his time by reading for pleasure.

In this assertion, however, I would not be too dogmatic. Readers for information, for culture, for education, for credits, for averting the wrath of teachers, for obedience, for self-discipline or for any other profitable purpose may sometimes get pleasure from reading. Usually, however, readers by the clock, and readers on a planned diet, and readers with a rule for proper reading, are not entertained by books.

In the same way, those who read for pleasure may sometimes gain profit from their reading. Many a pleasurable novel yields a dividend of great practical profit. Many a glamorous romance of the past teaches the philosophy no less than the pageantry of history. A brilliant biography, that is harder to close than to read, may contain more profitable education than a serious treatise written wholly for profitable purposes. Profit for pleasure-readers, however, is only incidental. Your true reader for pleasure is the browser-in-the-library reader. He is a connoisseur, a humming-bird on the wing in a garden of large, juicy flowers, a taster in a well-stocked wine-cellar. He holds himself indifferent to whatever does not immediately strike his fancy; he snubs what book soever he may have a whim against; he whiles away his leisure hour seeking nothing but pleasurable entertainment. But even he is not proof against securing profit from his reading; what reader is? No more than is the reader for profit proof against pleasure subtly stealing in and mingling with his proper aim in reading.

I have sometimes wondered whether the subway-reader or the trolley-car reader or the railway-train reader should be classed as a reader for a profitable purpose or a reader for pleasure. In the subway, for example, the profit of the book might possibly arise, not from the contents of the book or from the printed thoughts, but from the advantage of having something other than the faces of fellow riders to look at. In the train, the profit would

be that of killing the tediousness of the journey. Such reading would be reading for the profit of the pleasure that would lessen discomfort.

Or again, is it pleasure unalloyed with profit that allures the reader-of-the-big-arm-chair type? He collapses in his chair with a book as a solace, as an anodyne, as a consolation, for the quiet moments of reaction, as a companion in loneliness, for a distraction from troublesome thoughts. Readers I have met who have quelled tumultuous temptations by pleasurable books, who solved serious problems by losing themselves in trivial stories, who soothed aching hearts and tempestuous spirits through gentle essays and wise poetry. I am wholly in favor of reading for forgetfulness.

Two classes of readers in whom I am particularly interested are those, first, who read for contradiction, and those, secondly, who read for condemnation. Their contraries among readers are not nearly so attractive for investigation. The docile reader is not any more exhilarating than a grazing sheep; he is tractable, he is not inquisitive, he is passive; he accepts the page as the sheep nibbles the weed. But the reader who reads to disagree and to contradict is a rampant-reader. He grooms himself for debate; he is seeking a quarrel in every sentence; he grows incensed at the effrontery of the author; he denies roundly the conclusion of every paragraph; he memorizes the argument in order that he may pulverize it when he can find some good friend to listen to his refutation.

I have met readers of this type on both sides of the religious fold. One of them purpled with indignation over that mild-mannered, gentlemanly-phrased "Faith of Our Fathers" by Cardinal Gibbons. He read the book for the sole purpose of being infuriated by it. Another, belonging to the Fold, has the habit of buying the most outrageous attacks on the Faith. As he reads he rises in Mosaic wrath against the bigot who wrote the book, he anathematizes every distortion of truth in the book, he loses sleep and spoils digestion over the book. But he is almost the first buyer for the next book of the type.

Those who read for condemnation are quite as curious as those who read for contradiction. They do not care to take another's opinion that a novel reeks with malodorous scum; they feel obliged to nose the story for themselves, so that they may be better informed in condemning it and warning others against it. They watch the announcements for future books by the authors whom they detest; they know well how over-ripe the new book will be; and they put in a request, for they would not think of buying such books for themselves, at the Public Library so that they may be the first to get hold of the nasty thing. They do not regard themselves as censors of the book, but they have the very laudable intention and apostolate, in their own mind, of hoisting the red flag of danger before the book. These are reformer-readers; these are readers with a purpose; these are insistent that their friends, especially their young friends, should read only good books; these are eloquent in their condemnation of evil literature, for they know by reading how

evil that literature is. And yet, are such readers necessary?

They are not the same as the authentic readers for censorship. The librarian of a school must read books in order to find out how bad they are; the public librarian has a duty to discover beauty and dirt in the new books so that he may advise and warn; appraising-readers are a necessity, but amateur-appraisers have no place, except of their own making, in the realm of bad books.

Of the reading, as of the making, of books there is no end. So, too, there is no end to the reasons for which people read, or of the classes into which readers fall. But, for the present, there must be an end to this.

REVIEWS

The Progress of Philosophy. By MILO F. McDONALD, PH.D. New York: Standard Text Press. \$4.00.

Bridging the span of twenty centuries of thought in the short space of eight and one half pages—a staggering example of precise writing—Will Durant in his "Story of Philosophy" dashes off this indictment of Scholasticism: "It was within this shell [of dogma] that Scholastic philosophy moved narrowly from faith to reason and back again, in a baffling circuit of uncriticized assumptions and pre-ordained conclusions." Almost as a refutation to such an estimate comes Dr. McDonald's book, calmly, shrewdly analyzing the efforts of the Schoolmen, showing them staunch champions of reason, allotting them their proper place in the philosophic hall of fame. Dr. McDonald does not confine himself to Scholastic philosophy. He tells the story of thought from the first dim beginnings at Miletus down to the vagaries of Dewey and Bertrand Russell. One may be surprised at his optimism in naming this story "Progress." But the author warns us on p. 280 that even in apparent retrogression there is progress, for he finds that renewed efforts always spring from philosophic fuddling. The story is well told. It moves along with unfaltering tread through a mass of systems, theories and assumptions. There is clarity and balance, simplicity for the layman and sufficient thoroughness for the initiate. A few blemishes: though the type is good and the text singularly free of error, the printing and binding is amateurish. The book distinctly suffers from the lack of a bibliography. On p. 154, when speaking of universals, the language is inaccurate and apt to be misleading. Universals as such have no existence save in the ideal order, with a foundation *in re*. Finally, St. Vincent de Paul's role in the condemnation of Jansenism is played up a bit too prominently. However the general excellence of the work blankets these faults. The book should make a valuable addition to the college man's reading list.

J. H. G.

Aggrey of Africa: a Study in Black and White. By EDWIN W. SMITH. New York: Richard R. Smith, Inc. \$2.50.

At his visit to the United States in 1928, the late Sir Gordon Guggisberg, former Governor of the Gold Coast Colony, referred to James Kwegyir Aggrey, with whom he was for years closely associated, as one of the greatest of modern Africa's apostles of education. Dr. Aggrey was an extraordinary personality in more ways than one. The native-born African, by his vivid imagination, had the gift of fascinating those who heard him speak or preach; he was a keen judge of character; he was frugal in his personal life, and entirely devoted to the future of his own race. Twenty years in this country gave him a unique experience, which proved invaluable when he came to set on foot his educational undertakings in the Gold Coast, particularly as a member of the Phelps-Stokes Commissions to Africa, and as vice-principal of the Prince of Wales College at Achimota. Aggrey was proud of his African lineage, he "thanked God" that he was black, since God gave him a work to do as a black man; he believed not in conflict, nor in amalgamation, but in cooperation between the

racism. His optimism was unfailing; and this entertaining biography quotes a great number of his apt utterances. His ideas of education were eminently practical, summed up in the words: "I want all my people, my countrymen, women and men, to be educated in the larger sense, in heart, hand and head, and thus render Africa indispensable in spiritual, intellectual, and commercial products to the world." To his countrymen he was the untiring exponent of the new British African educational policy. He died in New York City, July 30, 1930. "Aggrey of Africa" is a story that will prove most helpful to any student of the interracial question in this country.

J. L. F.

Krupp. Edited by WILHELM BERDROW, translated by E. W. DICKES. New York: Lincoln MacVeagh. The Dial Press. \$5.00.

In editing the letters of Alfred Krupp, Wilhelm Berdrow has produced a valuable reference book for the historian and psychologist. It lacks, to be sure, the qualities to make it popular, but this is chiefly the fault of Alfred Krupp. The period of Krupp's life (1812-1887) was one of intense interest, not only to the collector of records, but to those who love history from the standpoint of romance and the observation of life, its aspirations and destiny. Europe then was full of aspirations, noble as well as base, and destiny stalked with heavy tread through the land. Modern civilization was in the melting pot. But of all this we see but little in the mind of Krupp as disclosed in his letters. For him the only melting pots were the crucibles in which his steel was formed, the only destiny that of the huge enterprise that was his preoccupation. The enterprise was not huge when, at the age of fourteen, Alfred Krupp took active charge as his mother's lieutenant. Friedrich Krupp, his father and the founder, had left a business all but moribund, but the youthful giant set about his task of reconstruction with confidence. Alfred Krupp was a giant but not an enlightened giant. He strode down the road to success with seven-league boots but of the profoundly moving prospect on either hand he saw but little. He possessed many domestic virtues, his affections are admirable, but his mind was circumscribed in an appalling egotism. We see emerge from these pages two things: the character of Alfred Krupp and the growth of a vast business but beyond these—nothing. Steel was for him the be-all and end-all; steel was steel, whether it went to the making of dies for mints, rolling mills or guns. The word *honor* is forever on his tongue; he says himself that he refers to it ad nauseam, but it is the honor of achievement and commercial success. Mr. Dickes is to be congratulated on his clear English version, but it is regrettable that neither he nor Herr Berdrow has provided a thread of story to connect and illuminate the letters. The work is a valuable record but it is not entertaining.

R. B. C.

Six Horses. By Captain William Banning and George Hugh Banning. New York: The Century Company. \$4.00.

This is a story of the stage. The stage is the vehicle that carried mail and passengers between Missouri and California during approximately twenty years—from the "gold rush" in 1849 to the opening of the transcontinental railroad, May 10, 1869. The history of the stage is fascinating. Financially it ran the gamut from independent enterprise, through competitive rivalry, and later, cooperative management, finally reaching monopoly in the hands of one man, Ben Holladay. Politically it was subjected to vast intrigues seriously manipulated by statesmen, Cabinet officers, lobbyists, and financial adventurers, seeking governmental favors in the form of appropriations and mail-carrying contracts. Physically it encountered barriers seemingly impassable. These were rivers, deserts, mountains, summer storms and winter snows; the savagery of the red man, and the hostility of white men masquerading as Indians. But amid all these intrigues, discomforts, uncertainties, and genuine dangers the responsibility and bravery of the courageous stage driver, and the sturdy reliability of his "Six Horses" stands out in bold relief. All who love a horse, all who admire a masterful driver, all who desire to know the real history of the stage, and of its temporary (eighteen months) substitute, the "Pony Express," should read this book.

It does not picture the "Wild West" of a glorified Buffalo Bill, but it does tell the true story of an age that is past; it relates the history of an enterprise that "Set an Empire on Wheels."

M. J. S.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

Juveniles.—A thrilling tale of how two Navajo shepherd boys found a new home for their clan is told in "The Eagles' Nest" by Isis Harrington (Macmillan. \$1.00). The boys are on their first adventure as shepherds alone. They have to fight the wolf, the bobcat, and the bear. Finally, in trying to destroy the nest of two great eagles they discover a beautiful valley, the ancient home of their race.

The hero of "Galley Jack Crosses the Line" (Harper. \$1.00) is a ship's cat. He is saved from a watery grave by a whaler. While on this ship, he sights the first whale of the catch. Galley Jack, with the tang of the sea in his blood, refuses to settle down in comfortable homes. He has many strange adventures, but proves ready for any situation. The authors, Violet Maxwell and Helen Hill, have added to the book by their illustrations.

For older boys, Earl Reed Silvers has written a fine athletic story in "The Scarlet of Avalon" (Appleton. \$2.00). The hero Oats O'Dair, upon his graduation from high school, goes to work as inspector in the town's water department. He meets with a situation that tests his character and comes out on top. Meanwhile, he plays basketball with the local team and meets another lad who urges him to go to college. The story continues at Avalon, the college of his choice, and Oats and his chum Bill display the same manly spirit and pluck that distinguished their actions in the home town. Mr. Silvers has a fine understanding of the character and problems of the average, normal boy.

With the football season getting into swing, a football story by Ralph Henry Barbour will be a treat for any red-blooded boy. "Candidate for the Line" (Appleton. \$2.00), in addition to the usual racy descriptions of games, treats the problem of professionalism in school athletics and the inevitable conflict with higher academic ideals. The hero, Rod Craig, is a modest, quiet, plugging, but likable sort of chap, who finally makes good with his team. As in the above story, a fine understanding of boys is shown and a clean, manly ideal of school life held up for the boys' imitation.

Devotional.—The Rt. Rev. Alexander MacDonald, D.D. has devoted much of his life to study and meditation on the Mass and has written several books on this subject. This latest work, "The Mass Explained" (Gorham Press.) is a fresh attempt to explain the theology of the Mass in simple terms. Part of the work is written in question and answer form. The book will be of interest to educated Catholics who desire a deeper understanding of the Mass, and will furnish material for priests to develop in sermons for the Faithful.

The well-known writer on devotional subjects, Joseph Rickaby, S.J., has written a short work "A Week of Communions" (Herder. \$.65). His purpose is to win more people to frequent Communion and to aid the devotion of those who have already adopted this practice. The book is written with the same simplicity, clearness, and unction that characterize this author's other spiritual writings.

A. Christich has given us a novel and excellent little treatise, "The Women of the Gospel" (Burns Oates. 2/6). She points out that not one of the women who came in contact with the Saviour passed from His presence without an Act of Faith, contrite and complete. The book contains a study of the various women who appeared in the New Testament story and their attitude in the presence of the Saviour. Our Blessed Mother is omitted because the author has limited herself to the average woman.

An unpublished French manuscript of Father John Grou, S.J., has been translated with the title "The Christian Sanctified by the Lord's Prayer" (Benziger. 45 cents). It contains interesting and practical reflections on this sublime prayer and will be used with profit by the same classes of people who were mentioned above.

The Lucky Lawrences. The Sable and the Girl. A Tale of Reading Town. New Lamps.

The early generations of the Lawrences were from New England and settled in California. Their affairs prospered; so much so that they came to be considered lucky. It is this fact that gives Kathleen Norris the title for her latest novel, "The Lucky Lawrences" (Doubleday, Doran. \$1.00). When the story opens, however, their luck seems to have gone. Their wealth has vanished and Gail, the oldest, is left to mother two younger brothers and sisters. Gail, Phil, and Edith work, but their combined earnings are barely sufficient to support the five of them; there is little for luxury, little to enable them to keep the exalted position that the Lawrence family had enjoyed in the community. But the beautiful, unselfish Gail tries to keep them together, tries to hold them to the high family traditions in the face of changing customs and lowered ideals. How she succeeds is the burden of Mrs. Norris' story. It is a typical Norris story with its keen understanding of family joys and sorrows, its vivid descriptions of ordinary family life, and its sympathetic portrayal of modern difficulties. Is Gail lucky in the end? Does she reap a reward for all her unselfishness? The reader will have an interesting hour or two in finding that out, and along with the interest will derive some profit.

"The Sable and the Girl," (Poland. \$2.50), a novel by Joseph Weyssenhoff has been acclaimed as the masterpiece of a famous Polish novelist. An excellently translated tale of youth and nature, it can claim some distinction for its idyllic description of the Lithuanian forest country and for the vicarious thrill inspired by the narration of several hunts. Mr. Weyssenhoff, when he is not rhapsodizing about the waving fields of rye and the birch forests, interests himself in the love affair of Michael Rayetski, a young nobleman and Varshulka, the traditionally beautiful peasant girl. Michael struggles with a genuine affection and his aristocratic consciousness of class; possessed of little moral fiber, he permits himself to accept the decision of a friend and bundles Varshulka into an unhappy marriage with an adoring swain. Confident that "matter alone is happy; physical happiness alone is perfect" he forgets the episode in the earthly pleasures of the hunt. A pre-War book, somewhat propagandistic, "The Sable and the Girl" is typically Slavic in its physical flavor.

The historical novel has not yet perished. Publishers are still eager for successors to Churchill's "Richard Carvel" and the popular "Hugh Wynne." J. Bennet Nolan in his "A Tale of Reading Town" (A. and C. Boni. \$2.50) capitalizes a not unusual case of treachery in the Revolutionary War in his story of the Conway Cabal. Written in the first person by a young patriot of Logan, one Mark Bingaman, the novel is a gentle pseudo-archaic attempt to recreate the ebb-tide of the Colonial campaign. Villains, Hessians, British dandies from Regent Street, stalk in terrifying numbers; there is the usual reception, the aristocratic game of cards and the reverent attendance of historical figures, all dutifully presented in euphemistic English. The plot is rather thin and the dramatic effect, dragged in at the end when Master Bingaman is commissioned a captain by General Washington, is absolutely innocuous. The book may be valuable for those who want light entertainment with correct history; its appeal as intelligent well-built fiction may strike the reader as singularly negative.

In order to understand the defilement of pitch one does not have to dip one's hands in the boiling liquid, and in like manner to be warned of the leprosy of degeneracy one does not have to wallow in all its filth. The moral taught us in "New Lamps" (Macaulay. \$2.00) is especially timely in this effete world of ours. However if the reader, deceived by a lurid blurb, be looking for a lecherous story, let him pass on, as Alberta Stedman Eagan describes the pitch but does not dip her pen in the seething liquid. It is an odd story she tells with its contrasts of idyllic life at a country parsonage and the fascination of a luxurious den in Paris; a clean-souled English minister and a degenerate profligate. "New Lamps" is like the bell perched upon the hidden reef crying to all "Beware!" The author has handled a dangerous subject with skilful restraint.

Savinelli. Golden River. The Cavalry Goes Through. The Valiant. The Silver King Mystery. Guests of Summer.

"Savinelli" (Dial. \$2.00), by J. Chartres Molonis, is a short novel in the mysterio-romantic vein. The story is told by a Captain Lapeyron, veteran of the Great War, who, before returning to his father's business, spends a vacation with a former chaplain. The Abbé Rambaut receives him at a Breton farm where he is resting in preparation for missionary labors; a sister, Christine, is introduced to shoulder the subsequent complications. There is a mysterious suicide, a triangle, a Corsican brigadier of police with the foreboding name Savinelli, a court scene, minor heroics and a virtuous conclusion. The book is wholly deficient in unity, both of character and plot, wandering from a suicide (the horror of which one somehow cannot appreciate) to the details of a bridal apartment. It is partly romance, feebly scarifying and altogether disconnected, yet written with a degree of charm and restraint. There is a procession of stock characters and a liberal admixture of novelistic incidents; the atmosphere is decidedly continental.

"Golden River" (Harper. \$2.00) received honorable mention in the *American Girl*-Harper Prize Fiction for Girls contest, and deservedly so. The youthful author is Margaret Young Lull. The setting of her story is the Sacramento River delta, and its subject matter a feud. It is a boarding-school story, too, and Marta Van Vleet is the heroine. The picture of the river on a rampage, the breaking of the levee, the all but superhuman work of Marta and Dad, give the reader many a thrill, and of course "All's well that ends well."

Bernard Newman, in "The Cavalry Goes Through" (Holt. \$2.00), has written a fast-moving, carefully planned outline of the Great War as it might have been had political interferers been dominated by a brilliant and dynamic Commander-in-Chief. Mr. Newman demands a lot from his main character, and invests the common soldier with some exaggerated capabilities, but the story is gripping from start to finish, the exploits well handled and the characters well finished. Better maps would help the reader, but maps or no maps, the book will be read with attention and enthusiasm.

The wild and woolly West comes to the fore in "The Valiant" (Doubleday, Doran. \$2.00). William MacLeod Raine can spin a good yarn filled with action from start to finish. Jasper Cole plays the role of villain, and of course he is an out-and-out scoundrel. And then there is the hero, Clay Ballard, who after facing many and sundry dangers is victorious in the end. One must not forget to mention that there is a heroine too, with a past. So those who enjoy a tale of the West that is West may be sure that they have a treat ahead of them when they read "The Valiant."

Any golfer will tell you what a "Silver King" is. In "The Silver King Mystery" (Holt. \$2.00), by Jan Greig, "Silver Kings" aplenty enter the tale of a murder on an English golf course. The book has a lot of merit. There is a stylist's touch, far better than the ordinary, and a fine flair for character portrayal. For two-thirds of the book, the plot development is keen and interesting, but the final third is unfortunate, in fact it becomes a mad scramble for the known murderer, a chase, thrilling but poorly defined, wherein the villain's power of impersonation strains all normal credulity.

We are told that "A touch of nature makes the world akin," but to be treated to stark realism for four hundred pages is more than a touch of nature. There are many sides of life that are better viewed through the veil of convention. Nevertheless, there always will be authors who cannot be convinced of this fact, and in this class one can mention Paul M. Fulcher, who deserves this classification by his book "Guests of Summer" (Macmillan. \$2.50). It is a lurid tale of human frailties which 'neath the iron hand of hypocritical Puritanism in the town of Ebenezer wreck the lives of a boy and girl. But it really is the story of their love child whom Nemesis pursues. Books untold have pictured for us the ghastliness of nature stripped to the buff as she was seen in the Great War, but Mr. Fulcher must needs drag us through it all again in order to drive home his lesson.

Communications

Letters to ensure publication should not, as a rule, exceed 500 words. The editors are not responsible for opinions expressed in this department. No attention will be paid to anonymous communications.

"No Such Critter"

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The first paragraph of an editorial on modern economic illusions in a recent issue of the *Providence Visitor*, the diocesan weekly, contains the following:

The invention of euphemisms is one of the features of our day that deserves more attention than it has yet received. Covering up disagreeable realities with harmless and even positively flattering names, is a trick at which the modern mind is becoming every day more and more adept.

A typical instance is the coining of the phrase *technological unemployment*, discussed by William B. Gwinnell in the issue of AMERICA for September 27, in which he says: "Perhaps no problem that now faces labor is more serious than the problem of unemployment." So, in some way or other "technological unemployment" is presented as being related to the present condition of general unemployment. But there is not and cannot be any such thing as "technological unemployment" as affecting any general unemployment. If there were, it would be with us constantly, as improvements are continuously being made in the machinery of industry. But we all know of a succession of years when practically everybody was employed, during which periods there was never a word about "technological unemployment." So "technological unemployment" cannot be, even in our present deplorable system. The sole cause of all unemployment is in the attempt of the owners of capital to secure a higher rate of interest than the directors of industry can afford to pay.

To speak in opposition to interest on capital is to put everybody against you. A man with a few hundred dollars in the bank or the owner of a share or two of stock thinks he is getting some advantage out of the maintenance of the interest rate. But interest-taking does not begin to benefit anyone until his receipt of interest exceeds twenty per cent of his annual earnings, because the average worker pays out in interest more than twenty per cent of his yearly wages, there being a charge of more than twenty per cent for interest contained in the price of everything he buys.

This communication would be too long if it contained the explanation how interest persists in good times and bad times, but still is the sole cause of general unemployment. In brief, when we are exporting capital abroad, we are all employed, though the workers are then excessively robbed of their product, the relative scarcity of capital for the extended market warranting a higher rate of interest than when the export of capital is curtailed, as there is then a relative abundance of capital for the restricted market which demands a lower rate of interest in order that full employment may prevail.

Providence, R. I.

M. P. CONNERY.

Religious Pictures in the Home

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In the *New York Times* of August 31, appeared an unusual article on "what most annoys a human." The various kinds of irritations were tabulated and given a percentage rating. After enumerating the points which would ordinarily annoy most of us, there appears this statement: "'To see religious pictures on the walls of a private home,' for some reason or other, annoys women only to the extent of a 5.5 average, while the men who considered the lists carried their prejudice to the extent of 7.3." One cannot help wondering how much of an influence this has in restraining so many good Catholic families from a modest display of their Faith by adorning their homes with religious pictures. Surely it cannot be from a lack of artistic means. The greatest works of art in the world are of subjects that spring from warm faith and loving devotion to the Holy Family and the Saints. How

a reproduction of Raphael's "Sistine Madonna" or of Da Vinci's "Last Supper" could possibly prove annoying to one's visitors except through prejudice, is quite inexplicable. Perhaps it suggests the idea of flaunting one's religious beliefs in the faces of one's guests, but then so is the spectacle of Sunday Mass and Friday abstinence. A little more loyalty and a desire to give honor to God and draw down His blessing on the home, ought to override any trepidations on this score.

Woodstock, Md.

P. H.

Lynching and Its Prevention

To the Editor of AMERICA:

We have read with much interest, in the issue of AMERICA for September 20, your editorial discussion of a proposed Federal anti-lynching bill, whose enactment you feel would be "nothing less than a calamity." It is impossible to go fully into this subject in the space you allot to communications, but I should like the privilege of indicating the grounds upon which the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People is proceeding.

You say that such legislation would "aggravate rather than decrease the evil of lynching." The fact is that the passage of the Dyer Anti-Lynching Bill in 1922 in the House, though a Senate filibuster prevented enactment, did serve materially to reduce the number of lynchings; partly because the lynching States feared such a law and partly because discussion of the measure served to rouse the nation's public sentiment.

It was hoped that with the possibility of such legislation in mind the States would themselves stamp out the evil. This year's increase in the number of mob murders, and, even more, the failure to prosecute lynchers, adds evidence to support our conviction that the power of the nation must be invoked if effective action against America's shame is to be had.

A Federal anti-lynching law such as we contemplate would not add the "new horde of Federal officials" you fear. It would merely transfer to Federal jurisdiction and courts cases of lynching in which the State authorities had failed to act; placing in the hands of officers and juries not subject to purely local pressure the conduct of such trials. Surely, the punitive fines assessed by such a measure on counties in which lynchings occur, would stimulate local effort to prevent lynchings.

When you say that such a measure "almost certainly would be voided by the Supreme Court," you disregard expert legal opinion which holds that that Court would uphold such a law if properly drafted. The National Association for the Advancement of Colored People would support no measure which its attorneys did not believe, after subjecting it to exhaustive study, would stand. Our record of six victories on fundamental issues before the U. S. Supreme Court entitles the opinion of our attorneys to a respectful hearing at least.

Perhaps, as you claim, any State in the Union could muster "a mighty host of civilizing agencies," to end mob murder; but, as the years pass, lynchings still sully this country's name before the world, and undermine respect for law, for the courts and organized society. And it seems to us reasonable, in view of the abject failure of the States to deal adequately with this crime against the nation, to invoke the only remaining authority with power to suppress it.

New York.

HERBERT J. SELIGMANN,
Director of Publicity, N.A.A.C.P.

[AMERICA's abhorrence of the degraded conditions which make lynching possible, and permit lynchers to go free, is no less marked than that of Mr. Seligmann, but we must continue to differ on the merits of the Dyer legislation. We oppose this Federal legislation, not because we believe it would destroy lynching, but because we believe it would not. Further, Mr. Seligmann's "merely" is rather a large order, seeing that it "merely" means the destruction of the police powers of the several States in yet another field, and that not by amendment of the Constitution, but by the "mere" fiat of Congress. It is our opinion that for local disorders local remedies are best; and we believe that there is a better chance of removing this blot upon our civilization in an earnest and sustained effort for the religious, moral, and educational improvement of the districts in which lynching occurs most frequently, than there is in Federal legislation.—ED. AMERICA.]